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DOWN HILL IN THE SENATE—FROM STATESMANSHIP TO SPIDERCRAFT.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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THE LATEST PHASE OF THE HAWAIIAN BUSINESS.

SINCE the refusal of the provisional government of Hawaii to submit, in compliance with President CLEVELAND'S request, to the restoration of the constitutional authority which they had upset a year ago, the President's opponents delight in proclaiming, with jubilant vociferation, that his Hawaiian policy has ignominiously failed. This we emphatically deny. We assert, on the contrary, that, as to its main object, it has decidedly succeeded. What was this main object? To do justice as far as the constitutional power of the Executive would go; to clear his administration of all responsibility, direct or indirect, for the lawless conduct of a certain agent of this government in promoting a revolution in Hawaii for the purpose of effecting the annexation of that country to the United States; to save the American nation from the disgrace of becoming a receiver of stolen goods; to let the whole world know that this is an honorable government, unwilling to derive advantage from dishonest practices, but willing to repair as much as possible any wrong committed by any of its agents. This was the main object of the President's policy, and in this he has succeeded. To public servants who, like the President and the Secretary of State, work for such ends, the country owes not criticism and reproach, but respect and gratitude.

If the President has failed in anything, it is in that part of his policy the success of which did not depend upon himself, but upon other persons, to whom that success would have been most obnoxious, and who had every interest in preventing it. Indeed, it must have been clear to the President and to the Secretary of State long ago that the peaceable restoration of the *status quo ante* became less practicable as the provisional government had time to organize and strengthen its power. Had President CLEVELAND and Secretary GRESHAM been less conscientious, they might have moved for that restoration immediately after their coming into office, without first satisfying themselves as to the merits of the case by an exhaustive inquiry; and at that time the provisional government, still inadequately prepared for emergencies, might possibly have been prevailed upon to yield. Or the administration might at a later period, recognizing the submission of the provisional government as wellnigh hopeless, have abandoned altogether the purpose of asking for the reinstatement of the Queen, and thus avoided the appearance of failure as to any of its efforts. But the President and the Secretary of State did neither. As honest men they first ascertained by laborious and careful investigation what was the right and justice of the case; and when their conviction was formed they honestly and boldly expressed it, and proceeded accordingly, no matter whether all they desired was likely to be accomplished, and no matter whether their course was popular, or apt to expose them to censure and vilification. Their conduct exhibited the courage of honorable motive and high aims.

What they did was, perhaps, not worldly wise, and it may not have been the shrewdest kind of diplomacy. But men who act thus can be trusted, and they ought to be. In their hands the interests of the country are safe, and while they are at the helm the position of the republic among the nations of the world will certainly receive no detriment. We risk nothing in saying that to-day the conduct of our foreign affairs in such hands has more of the sincere confidence of foreign governments and peoples as to the motives which animate it and the objects it aims at than it has had for many a year. And for this every true American proud of the good name of his country will be thankful.

As to what is now to be done with regard to this Hawaiian complication, it is evident that the President has performed his part, and can go no further. It is probable, if not certain, that he would not if he could. Congress will have to do the rest, if anything is to be done at all. But it is not necessary, nor even desirable, that anything should be done. The provisional government in Hawaii has now existed over a year. It has been recognized as the government *de facto* by other nations, the United States included. It is, indeed, preposterous to call it a republican government, as the opponents of the administration do, for it has not dared to submit its existence to a vote of the people, and it probably never will—at least not to an honest vote. It is a mere usurper, just as LOUIS NAPOLEON was when in 1851 he had overthrown the constitutional government of the French Republic—and even more than LOUIS NAPOLEON, for he at least caused his usurpation to be ratified by a *plébiscite*. But if the majority of the Hawaiians continue to submit to such a government, or if they cannot muster strength enough to set up and maintain one they like better, it is not our business to interfere. President CLEVELAND'S request, as laid before the provisional government, was the last peaceable effort possible, and nobody thinks of using force to effect a change. Certainly President CLEVELAND does not think of it. The international relations of the United States with the Hawaiian government, whatever its origin, will be like those with any other in all respects except perhaps one.

President CLEVELAND has rendered the country the inestimable service of killing the annexation project, at least for the period of his Presidential term. But while we are disposed to let the Hawaiians and their government alone, their Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a diplomatic document addressed to the Minister of the United States, gives us notice that his government does not mean to let us alone. He says: "While we—the Hawaiian provisional government—accept the decision of the President of the United States declining further to consider the annexation proposition as the final conclusion of the present administration, we do not feel inclined to regard it as the last word of the American government upon this subject." In other words, the provisional government of Hawaii enters an appeal from the President to the American people. The cool impudence of this announcement is characteristic of the notions which those men have cultivated among themselves, and which they seek to cultivate among the people of this country. They seem to have actually made themselves believe that since American missionaries have civilized the natives of the Hawaiian Islands until only a small fraction of their population is left, and until the bulk of the valuable real estate has passed into the possession of the missionaries' sons and their friends, the American people are in duty bound to make that real estate still more valuable by annexing the islands to the United States, and that no duty we think we owe to our own country should prevail against the duty we owe to them. As they express it, the American people cannot "go back" on them without disgrace.

This is a most preposterous notion, but if it should gain ground among our people it would be a very dangerous one for our future. And it seems to be assiduously fostered by many of the Hawaiian missionaries' friends among our clergy. If we were foolish enough to give any weight to such an appeal, and to treat such a claim as valid, there would be no end of similar pretensions. They would be put forth by all sorts of American adventurers who had acquired interests in other quarters of the globe and then wish this republic to take those interests under its protection and enhance their value; and we shall never cease to be troubled by the agitation of the wildest annexation schemes. This is the most dangerous kind of incitement to reckless territorial aggrandizement, and when once started on such a career we shall find it difficult to stop. Such pretensions should therefore be repelled at once with the utmost decision and firmness, and the impudent Hawaiian appellant from the American President to the American people should be made to understand that if the missionaries' sons and their friends have succeeded in feathering their nests on the Hawaiian Islands, they have done so at their own risk; that we do not grudge them their good fortune, but that we are not willing to curse this republic with a policy obliging it to build and maintain a navy as large as any navy in the world for the purpose of protecting those nests.

THE DUTY OF CONGRESS.

CONGRESS has now been in session nearly two months. Nothing has been accomplished, and no one, not even the leaders of the majority, seem to have a definite idea as to what will be the legislation on any subject of importance. After a long struggle the Ways and Means Committee produced a tariff bill which is undoubtedly the shortest, and, to the protected industries, the safest step in reform that could have been taken. It proposes a reduction, so far as can be estimated, of the average rate of duty, which is now fifty per cent., to about thirty-six per cent., a reduction of between twenty and twenty-one per cent. It therefore proposes much less of a change than the MORRISON bill, which provided for a cut in rates less, in turn, than the ARTHUR Tariff Commission, which was controlled by the protected manufacturers, acknowledged would be for the best interests of the country. This tariff bill, however, is made an important move in the direction of lower duties by reason of its additions to the free list. Under the order established by the House the bill will come to a vote on the 29th, and it is expected that it will be passed.

The country would be satisfied with the bill if it were definitely settled that it would become a law. The Senate, however, is uncertain. It is impossible to foretell what it will do either with the tariff or with any other measure. Recent developments have caused the country to reflect sadly that the Senate, of which it once was proud, has so degenerated that it is now feared as an obstacle and a menace to sound legislation and good government. The conduct of Senators on the repeal bill and in the HORNBLOWER case has demonstrated that they are not only a deplorably weak body (there are some honorable and notable exceptions, of course), but, by reason of the power which their position gives them, they are dangerous enemies of the public welfare. A majority of the Senators, members of both parties, appear to owe no allegiance to principle, to party, to the dignity and the great traditions of the body into which, unfortunately, they have been chosen, to the constitutional rights of the President, or to the interests of the country. Their energies and what talents they possess are devoted to petty political manœuvring, which has for its aim their own personal aggrandizement or the gratification of their malice. It is not because Senators opposed the silver repeal bill that it is necessary to condemn them; it is because of the infinitely mean way in which the opposition was conducted. The rejection of Mr. HORNBLOWER is not in itself a crime against American institutions, but the small vindictiveness, the impudent assertion of the right to share in and control the appointing power, which inspired the rejection, do constitute such a crime.

The country stands in dread of Senators who appear to be malignantly indifferent to the public interests. Its business is at a stand-still. All the conditions are ripe for a revival of prosperity. There has been a long and enforced rest from activity, and an unprecedented liquidation. The stocks of merchants are low. The credit of those that have weathered the storm is strong. The banks are plethoric with money. But business men continue to wait. They do not increase their stocks, and they resist the temptation of low rates of interest. Meanwhile the time for the opening of the spring trade is near, and the danger of another dull season is facing men who know that business must improve if they are to escape failure.

The non-action of Congress is the only reason for this unhappy state of affairs. If the country knew what to expect, its energies would be awakened, and business would shake off its perilous sloth. The Senate, which has lost the confidence of the country, stands in the way. It gives no sign of its purpose. It is said that Senators will be found to be attorneys of their special interests when the tariff bill reaches them, and that a large number of them will vote against any proposition that is favored by the administration. And the worst of it all is that there is nothing in the conduct of the accused that makes the accusation incredible.

Congress has a clear and well-defined duty to perform. It should hasten to relieve the country of its anxiety and distrust. There are two matters, and two only, that demand immediate action. One is the tariff now under consideration, and the other is the condition of the Treasury. The country ought to be informed what it is to expect in the way of tariff taxes, and what Congress is to do about the further issue of bonds. Are we to go on under the MCKINLEY law, or to have the relief promised by the WILSON bill? Is Mr. CARLISLE to be authorized to borrow any money to meet the deficiency, which now promises to amount to $78,000,000 at the end of the fiscal year, for a short term, and at a low rate of interest, or will the refusal of Congress to act compel him to go on borrowing on the long-time bonds, bearing a high rate of interest, that were authorized by the act of 1875? Mr. CARLISLE has been forced to advertise an issue of $50,000,000 of five-per-cent. ten-year bonds, because the Senate Finance Committee refused to act on his request for authority to issue short-time low-interest-bearing bonds of small denominations. This refusal is the latest outcome of the unwillingness of Congress to do its duty. If Congress does not inform the country what it is to expect on these two matters within the next four weeks, it will be guilty of neglect of duty nothing less than criminal. The country has the right to demand that time shall not be wasted; that personal animosities against the President shall not be gratified at the cost of its prosperity; that the efforts to make party capital out of the Hawaiian trouble shall stop; that Congress shall attend to its business, and give the country assurance of what legislation is to be expected. The proposal to spend weeks and perhaps months in the Senate in debate on the WILSON bill is an insult to the intelligence of the people, and its consummation would be an outrage that would cost our business interests dear, but the Senate, perhaps, dearer.

THE TARIFF AND EXPORTS.

PERHAPS the most inconsistent of the many inconsistent arguments advanced by the advocates of the MCKINLEY tariff policy is that high duties do not diminish international trade. The avowed and only object of protection is to diminish imports; and if there is one thing settled in political economy, it is that imports and exports move together. The one cannot be diminished without in the long-run diminishing the other. It is simply dishonest (and we use this epithet advisedly) to refer to the heavy exports of 1891, after the passage of the MCKINLEY act in 1890, as substantiating the assertion that high duties do not diminish them. The conditions of the fiscal year 1891-2 were unusual. The crops of 1891 in this country were large; those in Europe were disastrously thin; and an extraordinary demand for our breadstuffs arose, which served to swell enormously our exports for 1891-2. This is one of the accidents of the seasons which cause the movement of international trade to be irregular, and make it necessary to consider a series of years in order to ascertain the important and permanent flow of international trade. It is quite conceivable that the year immediately following the passage of the WILSON tariff act may happen to be a year of abundant crops in Europe and of scant crops in this country, and therefore a year of diminished exports. We may be sure that such an accident would be used in the campaign literature of the protectionists as triumphant proof that low duties really diminish exports.

To repeat, the simple and elementary fact is that in the long-run imports and exports move together. Cut down imports, and in the long-run, balancing the accidents of good years and of bad years, exports will follow. This does not mean, of course, that high duties necessarily bring about an absolute diminution in the volume of international trade. They simply cause that volume to be less than it would otherwise have been. We all know that the total volume of the international trade of the United States has increased absolutely throughout the period of the protective policy. But we know, too, that the population has increased, that the productiveness of industry has increased still more, that the arts of transportation have advanced more rapidly than in any other period in the world's history, and that the conditions were favorable to an increase in the industrial transactions of the community in every direction. The real question as to international trade is whether it has increased as rapidly and as profitably as it would have increased under a more liberal tariff system. It has not increased as fast as the international trade of England or Germany at the same time. Compared with our population, our international trade is at the present time much smaller than that of either of those countries. How much larger it would have been had we accepted the conservative policy which the Republican party began to follow in the years immediately after the civil war, and which the WILSON bill is now endeavoring to carry out, no one can say. But common-sense enables any one to say that duties check imports, and it requires little more than the application of common-sense to see that imports must be paid by exports, and that in the long-run you cannot cut down the one without cutting down the other.

An appreciable moderation of the protective system will tend, therefore, beyond doubt, to increase the volume of our international trade. Probably our exports and imports would increase somewhat under almost any conditions, but they will increase faster and more healthily under moderate duties than under extreme duties. As to the direction which increasing exports will take, there is something more to say than is usually considered even by the advocates of tariff reform. The gain is expected to show itself in larger exports, with greater production and better prices, of agricultural products. Some such growth may be expected. But a gain may be expected in another direction also.

The destiny of the United States is to become a great manufacturing country. In fact, the United States is already a great manufacturing country. Protectionists ascribe our manufactures to the stimulating effect of high duties, but the great mass of them fortunately rest on a more stable foundation. They are due to the richness of our mineral resources, and still more to the skill, the ingenuity, the inventiveness, of our mechanics and our business men. Under any tariff system they are certain to flourish; but under a liberal tariff system they will not only flourish within the country, but they will supply a larger and larger proportion of our exports. When once the artificial inducement of high duties is removed, capital will naturally seek those industries which do not need a premium from the government, which can stand by themselves, and which will naturally seek a vent in exports as the domestic market is fully supplied. Whether we have high duties or low duties, a larger proportion of the population of the United States is sure to engage itself in manufactures as time goes on. The census figures show that this has been the general tendency in the distribution of industries for the last hundred years under every sort of tariff régime, and the tendency is sure to maintain itself in the future. The question is not whether we shall have manufactures, but what kind of manufactures we shall have—those that clamor, with or without ground, for government support, or those that maintain themselves without it.

Under a liberal tariff system we may expect not only a growth of the exports of the United States, but a larger proportion of manufactures in the list of exported articles. A change of this sort will not work itself out in a year, or in five years. It takes time to develop, and can accomplish itself only when stable conditions of moderate tariff duties have been definitively reached. But it will none the less come in time, and will be the healthy and the profitable direction for the development of our manufacturing industries and of our international trade.

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

THE problem of the Nicaragua Canal must soon be seriously considered by Congress. The undertaking is temporarily at a stand-still for lack of funds, but enough has been already accomplished to demonstrate the sincerity of the projectors of the enterprise, while the importance of the canal to the commercial interests of the world are so universally recognized that, although its completion may be delayed both by reason of existing financial conditions and of the large sum required for the work, there is no reasonable doubt of ultimate success.

It is interesting to note what had been accomplished by the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company at the time of the appointment of the receiver. The corporation had expended $7,374,769. The necessary concessions had been granted by the governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica, and a charter had been obtained from the United States. The surveyors' task had been performed. The route of the canal had been definitely located, and the necessary maps, profiles, and plans had been made. A breakwater had been constructed at Greytown. Practically the harbor-work at this point has been finished. Wharves, warehouses, and administration buildings have been constructed. Two miles of canal, 17 feet deep and from 100 to 230 feet wide, have been excavated. Eleven miles of railroad for construction-work have been built. Sixty miles of telegraph have been built. For twenty miles the line of the canal has been cleared of timber. The necessary plant and franchise for the navigation of the San Juan River and Lake Nicaragua have been purchased.

The importance of the canal to commerce is not dreamed of by those who are not informed of the saving of distances that will be effected by cutting a waterway through the comparatively slender barrier between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, whose existence now compels a voyage of thousands of miles around the continent of South America. By reason of the configuration of South America, the increase of distance and loss of time between New York and the Pacific are very much greater than is generally supposed. The opening of the Nicaragua Canal would bring New York about 10,000 miles nearer to San Francisco, and from 8000 to 9000 miles nearer to the principal ports of China and Japan. Grain-vessels sailing from San Francisco to Liverpool would save about 7500 miles. The ports of our South Atlantic and Gulf coasts would be immensely benefited, and the cotton fields and factories of the South would be brought thousands of miles nearer to the markets of the coast of western South America and of Asia. The route between San Francisco and New Orleans, for instance, would be shortened by about 12,000 miles.

There is a movement already on foot in Congress to determine what shall be done by this government in connection with the efforts to revive and complete the project. A resolution has been introduced looking to the revival of the FRELINGHUYSEN treaty, which was negotiated about ten years ago. The purpose of this movement is to obtain for the United States from the governments of Nicaragua and Costa Rica grants of lands along the line of the canal, which would give to this country jurisdiction over the territory in which the canal is situated.

It is absolutely essential that the United States should have political control of the canal. The waterway would be of especial value to two countries, our own and Great Britain, and it is certain, if the canal is constructed, that British interests will force their government to exercise over it a protectorate that will amount to ownership, if our own government does not stand in the way. There is no immediate fear that the two governments would not exercise a peaceable joint occupation, but joint occupation by countries with interests that may become adverse are not desirable. Great Britain is doubtless the best neighbor that the United States could have, but the British power is European, and is likely to be involved in a European war. If it should be, and if it had rights of proprietorship or protectorship in the canal, that important adjunct to our commerce would be properly the object of attack by the enemies of Great Britain.

It is evident that the political control of the canal will either be with the United States or with Great Britain, and it is best for all concerned, for the countries through whose present territory the canal will run, for the commercial interests of the world, for Great Britain itself, that the government having jurisdiction over the canal shall be the nation which, while it has sufficient power to maintain peace and to defend its rights, is also the power least likely to be involved in a war that will injuriously affect the canal or interfere with its use.

DIFFERENT WAYS OF HAVING FUN.

AN American gentleman started in his yacht the other day on a ten months' cruise. He sailed from New York, and the newspapers published long descriptions of his departure, illustrated by pictures of his vessel, inside and out, and enlivened by much gossip about her stores and fittings and her owner's plans. A dozen people, more or less, including most of the yachtsman's immediate family, went with him. They sailed in what is probably the biggest and most sumptuous pleasure-ship in the world. A crowd of friends came down to see them off, and the leave-taking made a brilliant scene, to which the reporters did full justice. It was a fine exhibition of wealth and fashion and the pomp and panoply of pleasure-seeking. So far as material appliances go, the people who went off on that yacht seemed to start with a complete outfit of delectable properties. They had what is probably the finest plaything of its sort in existence—and the sort is one that pleasuring people hold in very high esteem. Moreover, they seemed to be intelligent people, in good health, and there were enough of them to afford one another congenial society; so the chances seemed to be that they would have a very good time indeed.

That was a striking and picturesque example of one of the ways in which human beings go about the business of getting satisfaction out of life. A London letter published about the same time in the same indispensable newspaper gave some particulars of another method, which seems also worth describing. It told about an important council of Trappists, to which delegates came from all over the world, and incidentally it described the Trappist's habits of life. It seems that he spends eleven hours in prayer and meditation, and the rest in sleep and agricultural labor. He sleeps on straw, in a coffin, and goes to bed at eight and rises at two, getting a little nap besides in the middle of the day. He lives on roots, herbs, some vegetables, and a little fruit, and drinks water. He is under vows of silence, broken only by church services and the greeting "*Memento mori*," which he exchanges with the brethren whom he meets. Every evening he digs a little at his grave. To the unthinking it may seem as if he could not have much fun; yet it is averred that he is continuously happy; that he shows his satisfaction in his face, in the sound of his voice in public worship, and in his conversation when, on rare occasions, his Father Superior raises for a short interval the obligation of silence and lets him speak. Moreover, it is averred that the ranks of the Trappists are recruited not from the poor, the disappointed, and the incapable, but largely from persons of the opposite sort, who have tasted fame, luxury, and culture, and wearied, for some reason, of their flavor. And they say it is the rarest thing for an intending Trappist to leave his monastery before taking his final vows. Even the beginners like the life, and prefer to go on with it. They have excellent health, and attain to a hale and cheerful longevity.

It is a queer world, and the women in it are not the only ones who are entitled to be called "rum critters." The men are that way too; or perhaps it is that the conditions of the successful pursuit of happiness are still so obscure to the majority of mankind as to bring the imputation of eccentricity upon persons who recognize and act upon them as they really are. CHARLES FOX said that the next best thing to winning was losing, and there seems to be a capacity for broad application in his remark. It is the spirit and not the body that determines what is good. If the spirit is persuaded that going without things is better than having them, self-denial straightway becomes a rarefied species of self-indulgence. If the spirit rejects travel on a yacht as a futile occupation, all the corporeal delights of existence in the *Valiant* will hardly pacify it. If the spirit fully accepts the ascetic regimen of the Trappist as the thing most desirable, the body simply knuckles under and thrives on it. So far as utility goes, life on a steam-yacht and life in a Trappist monastery would seem to be about on a par. The average sound man, whose happiness depends largely on doing something that seems to him worth while, would not long be satisfied with either. But for the philosopher both have attractions. The man on the yacht finds himself provided with a remarkable apparatus for the gratification of the senses; the man in the monastery finds at hand all the conveniences for mortifying them. There is considerable gratification to be had in doing either one; and though it will be generally conceded by persons qualified to judge that where the mortification of the flesh is accompanied by entire spiritual peace the Trappist gets the better of the yachtsman, there will doubtless continue, as heretofore, to be plenty of enthusiasts who will prefer to take their chances with yachts.

What the curious experimenter would possibly prefer to do would be to try both kinds of sport in turn, and though he may find the present times hardly favorable for elaborate yachting, he could hardly ask for a better season in which to test those asperities of regimen in which the Trappists seem to find so much repose. It is an excellent year for asperities. They are cheap and very abundant, and if the conviction can be widely established that they are really more desirable than the so-called comforts of life, contentment may be brought to many homes where now dissatisfaction abounds. Even the poorest of us in this hard year may hope to live as well as the Trappists, and the proverbial inexpensiveness of talk brings within everybody's reach at least one luxury which they go without.

HON. ELIHU ROOT,
In Charge of the New Enrolment.

CORNELIUS N. BLISS,
Chairman of the Committee of Thirty.

THE REPUBLICAN REORGANIZATION.

Those who wish well to the city of New York will receive with gratification the news that the Republican organization is presently to be taken apart, cleansed, and made over according to an improved system. Right-thinking men desire that all parties shall crystallize their sentiments into men and measures of the best, and not of the worst type. It does not please an honorable Republican when the Democratic party makes an indecent nomination. Nor can an honorable Democrat without regret observe in the Republican party signs of barrenness and decay. The Republican organization of New York city during many recent campaigns has been a thing to be sneered at and watched. For if it was not contemptible, it was apt to be unscrupulous. Much expert inquiry has been had into the nature and cause of its diseases. Our own opinion is probably worth as much as anybody's, and it inclines to the view not that the enrolment was bad or insufficient, nor that the Assembly district leaders are all or in greater part dishonest or incompetent, but that the Assembly district scheme of organization for a minority party is essentially mistaken. It affords the largest opportunity for mercenary leaders to betray their candidates, and it checks the flow of new blood and new ideas into the organization.

This unquestionably was the judgment of the Committee of Thirty, who undertook the task of devising the new system about to be put into operation. The impulse which led to the formation of this committee resulted from the Republican victory of last November. Such a victory, indeed, was necessary before the attempt at reform could have much hope of success. So long as defeat and nothing but defeat was the reward of party struggle there was too slight an interest in the situation to bring about its improvement. It could be argued, of course, and it was argued, that the deeper the slough into which the party had fallen, the greater the need of pulling it out. But the task of constructing a machine capable of so great a work was one that only the best men of the party, men whose motives were above suspicion and whose competency was first rate, could undertake with any assurance of success. The best citizens are always the busiest, and before they could be got to tear themselves from their occupations to engage in a labor so heavy and so sure of hostile criticism the call of duty and the possibility of a useful result had to be brought home to them clearly. Nothing less than a tidal wave of triumph produced by popular indignation, such as the Democratic bosses evoked by the nomination of Maynard, could have revived the party spirit of Republicans sufficiently to induce them to enter upon a work so difficult.

The plan of organization recently existing made the Assembly district the unit of power. Such districts covered considerable areas of the city, and contained from five to seven thousand voters. Practical experience proved that only an insignificant portion of their party strength could be brought by the Republicans into their district associations, and consequently that the leader of such an association was always able with comparatively little exertion to maintain himself as a local boss, however little he represented the party, and however much it wished to be rid of him.

The Committee of Thirty, with Mr. Cornelius N. Bliss at its head, and a membership including Mr. Elihu Root, Mr. Edward Mitchell, Mr. William Brookfield, and other strong and popular Republicans experienced in the management of party affairs, were not slow to see that no scheme of organization would satisfy the party which did not extinguish the Assembly district boss, and that no course could accomplish that prime necessity less radical than the extinction of the Assembly district association. The committee acted resolutely, and brought in a constitution providing that the election district should hereafter be the unit of organization and the spring of power. It created a central body made up of delegates from the election-district associations, but the function of that body was contracted within narrow limits, and the ultimate power was kept as near the people as possible. There are 1187 election districts in the city, and thus there are to be 1187 Republican societies. They will be neighborhood associations, wherein everybody will know everybody else, and nobody can be sure of a power disproportionate to his popular strength and to his standing in the community. The prime principle of representative government is thus regarded, and the power of bosses and bossism is hindered and hampered considerably.

This plan of party government has not reached its present hopeful stage of progress without formidable opposition, but it is significant of the popular demand for a change that the opposition does not come from the old Assembly district bosses and their small but potent groups of followers. These men were quick to discover that they had to choose between a voluntary surrender of power and having it peremptorily taken from them, and in their gracious acquiescence in the proposition that they constituted an error of judgment they gave amusing testimony to the fact that a politician will take almost anything, however indifferent its value. Mr. Patterson, their leader, is said to calculate that, after all, the difference between the old plan and the new will be found to be the difference between tweedledee and tweedledum.

That, at all events, is the ground on which the plan of the Committee of Thirty is being seriously opposed. The dissentients are a body describing themselves as Anti-Machine Republicans. Their leader is Mr. John E. Milholland, a young man whose energy is abundantly witnessed by the powerful army he has gathered around him, and whose shrewdness is shown in the way he has pointed out the one really serious defect in the Committee of Thirty's plan. This is not a defect of theory, but, as Mr. Milholland says, the plan is only good if the enrolment to take place under it is an enrolment of *bona fide* Republicans. Three enrolling officers, to be appointed by the Committee of Thirty from among the Republicans of each election district are to take charge of the enrolment for that district. The committee have thus to select at once a force of 3561 men, on whose honesty, fidelity, and capacity the whole scheme absolutely depends. Mr. Milholland inquires, with no little discernment, where all these people are to come from, by what process they are to be selected, who will give bonds for their character and ability, and whether the committee, almost all of whom reside in the "brownstone district," are themselves personally acquainted with three efficient men in every one of the 1187 election districts, or whether the good offices of the old machine leaders are to be accepted for their selection.

There is undoubtedly a problem to be solved in the choice of these enrolling officers, but the committee are not the kind of men who will under-estimate it. They need to proceed with great caution and deliberation, but there is no reason why they cannot in due time obtain the kind of men they need for this work of enrolment. Those whose interest in the reorganization of the Republican party is a public interest will hope that nothing will be allowed to interfere with the success of the Committee of Thirty's plan; that they will succeed in satisfying the best sentiment of the Republicans; that the spirit of faction will not take possession of the anti-machine society, and that the spirit of cheerful self-sacrifice which has been manifested by the local Republican bosses will continue to inspire them. If the Republican party desires to live up to its traditions, it must get away from the control of petty and mercenary politicians. It must make up its mind to do its own thinking, and to find its leaders among those high-minded and unselfish men to whom the greed of power is despicable, and the vindication of principle a sufficient reward for party effort.

WILLIAM BROOKFIELD,
Chairman of the Republican State Committee.—From a Photo. by Kurtz.

JOHN E. MILHOLLAND,
Leader of the Anti-Machine Republicans.

JACOB M. PATTERSON,
Chairman of the Republican Executive Committee.

PEMBROKE.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "JANE FIELD," "A HUMBLE ROMANCE, AND OTHER STORIES," "A NEW ENGLAND NUN, AND OTHER STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER Deborah Thayer had shut the door, the young girl sitting beside it arose. "I didn't know she was in here, or I wouldn't have come in," she said, nervously.

"That don't make any odds," replied Mrs. Barnard, who was trembling all over, and had sunken helplessly into a rocking chair, which she swayed violently and unconsciously.

Cephas opened the door of the brick oven, and put in a batch of his pies, and the click of the iron latch made her start as if it were a pistol shot.

Charlotte got up and went out of the room with a backward glance and a slight beckoning motion of her head, and the girl slunk after her so secretly that it seemed as if she did not see herself. Cephas looked sharply after them, but he said nothing; he was like a philosopher in such a fury of research and experiment that for the time he heeded thoroughly nothing else.

The young girl, who was Rose Berry, Charlotte's cousin, followed her panting up the steep stairs to her chamber. She was a slender little creature, and was now overwrought with nervous excitement. She fairly gasped for breath when she sat down in the little wooden chair in Charlotte's room. Charlotte sat on the bed. The two girls looked at each other—Rose with a certain wary alarm and questioning in her eyes, Charlotte with a dignified confidence of misery.

"I didn't sleep here last night," Charlotte said at length.

"You went over to Aunt Sylvy's, didn't you?" returned Rose, as if that were all the matter in hand.

Charlotte nodded, then she looked moodily past her cousin's face out of the window.

"You've heard about it, I suppose?" said Charlotte.

"Something," replied Rose, evasively.

"I don't see how it got out, for my part. I don't believe he told anybody."

Rose flushed all over her little eager face and her thin neck. She opened her mouth as if to speak, then shut it with a catch of her breath.

"I can't imagine how it got out," repeated Charlotte.

Rose looked at Charlotte with a painful effort; she clutched her hands tightly into fists as she spoke. "I was coming up here cross lots last night, and I heard you out in the road calling Barney," she said, as if she forced out the words.

"Rose Berry, you didn't tell!"

"I went home and told mother, that's all. I didn't think that would do any harm, Charlotte."

"It 'll be all over town, that's all. It's bad enough, anyway."

"I don't believe it 'll get out; I told mother not to tell."

"Mrs. Thayer knew."

"Maybe Barney told her."

"Rose Berry, you know better. You know Barney wouldn't do such a thing."

"No, I don't s'pose he would."

"Don't suppose! Don't you know?"

"Yes, of course I do. I know Barney just as well as you do, Charlotte. Oh, Charlotte, don't feel bad. I wouldn't have told mother if I'd thought. I didn't mean to do any harm. I was all upset myself by it. Don't cry, Charlotte."

"I ain't going to cry," said Charlotte, with spirit. "I've stopped cryin'." She wiped her eyes forcibly with her apron, and gave her head a proud toss. "I know you didn't mean to do any harm, Rose, and I suppose it would have got out anyway. 'Most everything does get out, but good deeds."

"I truly didn't mean to do any harm, Charlotte," Rose repeated.

"I know you didn't. We won't say any more about it."

"I was just running over across lots last night," Rose said. "I supposed you'd be in the front room with Barney, but I thought I'd see Aunt Sarah. I'd got terrible lonesome; mother had gone to sleep in her chair, and father had gone to bed. When I got out by the stone wall next the wood I heard you; then I ran right back. Don't you—suppose he'll ever come again, Charlotte?"

"No," said Charlotte.

"Oh, Charlotte!" There was a curious quality in the girl's voice, as if some great hidden emotion in her heart tried to leap to the surface and make a sound, although it was totally at variance with the import of her cry. Charlotte started, without knowing why. It was as if Rose's words and her tone had different meanings, and conflicted like the wrong lines with a tune.

"I gave it up last night," said Charlotte. "It's all over. I'm goin' to pack my weddin' things away."

"I don't see what makes you so sure."

"I know him."

"But I don't see what you've done, Charlotte; he didn't quarrel with you."

"That don't make any odds. He can't get married to me now without he breaks his will, and he can't. He can't get outside himself enough to break it. I've studied it all out. It's like ciphering. It's all over."

"Charlotte."

"What is it?"

"Why—couldn't you go somewheres else to get married? What's the need of his comin' here, if he's been ordered out, and he's said he wouldn't?"

"That's just the letter of it," returned Charlotte, scornfully. "Do you suppose he could cheat himself that way, or I'd have him if he could? When Barney Thayer went out of this house last night, and said what he did, he meant that it was all over, that he was never going to marry me, nor have anything more to do with us, and he's going to stand by it. I ain't finding any fault with him. I've made up my mind that it's all over, and I'm going to pack away my weddin' things."

"Oh, Charlotte, you take it so calm!"

"What do you want me to do?"

"If it was anybody else, I should think they didn't care."

"Maybe I don't."

"I couldn't bear it so, anyhow! I couldn't," Rose cried out with sudden passion. "I wouldn't bear it. I'd go down on my knees to him to come back!" Rose flung back her head and looked at Charlotte with a curious defiance; her face grew suddenly intense, and seemed to open out into bloom and color like a flower. The pupils of her blue eyes dilated until they looked black; her thin lips looked full and red; her cheeks were flaming; her slender chest heaved. "I would," said she; "I don't care, I would."

Charlotte looked at her, and a quivering flush like a reflection was on her fair steady face.

"I would," said Rose again.

"It wouldn't do any good."

"It would if he cared anything about you."

"It would if he could give up to the care. Barney Thayer has got a terrible will, that won't always let him do what he wants to himself."

"I don't believe he's enough of a fool to put his own eyes out."

"You don't know him."

"I'd try, anyway."

"It wouldn't do any good."

"I don't believe you care anything about him, Charlotte Barnard," Rose cried out. "If you did, you couldn't give him up so easy for such a silly thing. You sit there just as calm. I don't believe but what you'll have another fellow on the string in a month. I know one that's dying to get you."

"Maybe I shall," replied Charlotte.

"Won't you, now?" Rose tried to speak archly, but her eyes were fiercely eager.

"I can't tell till I get home from the grave," said Charlotte. "You might wait till I did, Rose." She got up and went to dusting her bureau and the little gilt-framed mirror behind it. Her lips were shut tightly, and she never looked at her cousin.

"Now don't get mad, Charlotte," Rose said. "Maybe I ought not to have spoken so, but it did seem to me you couldn't care as *much*— It does seem to me I couldn't settle down and be so calm if I was in your place, and all ready to be married to anybody. I should want to do something."

"I should if there was anything to do," said Charlotte. She stopped dusting and leaned against the wall, reflecting. "I wish it was a real mountain to move," said she, "I'd do it."

"I'd go right down in the field where he is ploughing, and I'd make him say he'd come to see me to-night."

"I called him back last night—you heard me," said Charlotte, with slow bitterness. Her square delicate chin dipped into the muslin folds of her neckerchief, she looked steadily at the floor, and bent her brow.

"I'd call him again."

"You would, would you?" cried Charlotte, straightening herself. "You would stand out in the road and keep on calling a man who wouldn't even turn his head? You'd keep on calling, and let all the town hear?"

"Yes, I would. I would! I wouldn't be ashamed of anything if I was going to marry him. I'd go on my knees before him in the face and eyes of the whole town."

"Well, I wouldn't," said Charlotte.

"I would, if I was sure he thought as much of me as I did of him."

Charlotte looked at her proudly. "I'm sure enough of that," said she.

Rose winced a little. "Then I wouldn't mind what I did," she persisted, stubbornly.

"Well, I would," said Charlotte; "but maybe I don't care. Maybe all this isn't as hard for me as it would be for another girl." Charlotte's voice broke, but she tossed her head back with a proud motion; she took up the dusting-cloth and fell to work again.

"Oh, Charlotte!" said Rose; "I didn't mean that. Of course I know you care. It's awful. It was only because I didn't see how you could seem so calm; it ain't like me. Of course I know you feel bad enough underneath. Your wedding-clothes all done and everything. They are pretty near all done, ain't they, Charlotte?"

"Yes," said Charlotte. "They're—pretty near—done." She tried to speak steadily, but her voice failed. Suddenly she threw herself on the bed and hid her face, and her whole body heaved and twisted with great sobs.

"Oh, poor Charlotte, don't!" Rose cried, wringing her own hands; her face quivered, but she did not weep.

"'IT'S BEAUTIFUL,' ROSE SAID, SMILING, WITH GRAVE EYES."

"Maybe I don't care," sobbed Charlotte; "maybe—I don't care."

"Oh, Charlotte!" Rose looked at Charlotte's piteous girlish shoulders shaken with sobs, and the fair prostrate girlish head. Charlotte all drawn up in this little heap upon the bed looked very young and helpless. All her womanly stateliness, which made her seem so superior to Rose, had vanished. Rose pulled her chair close to the bed; sat down, and laid her little thin hand on Charlotte's arm, and Charlotte directly felt it hot through her sleeve. "Don't, Charlotte," Rose said; "I'm sorry I spoke so."

"Maybe I don't care," Charlotte sobbed out again. "Maybe I don't."

"Oh, Charlotte, I'm sorry," Rose said, trembling. "I do know you care; don't you feel so bad because I said that."

Rose tightened her grasp on Charlotte's arm; her voice changed suddenly. "Look here, Charlotte," said she, "I'll do anything in the world I can to help you, I promise you that, and I mean it, honest."

Charlotte reached around a hand, and clasped her cousin's. "I'm sorry I spoke so," Rose said.

"Never mind," Charlotte responded, chokingly. She sobbed a little longer from pure inertia of grief, then she raised herself, shaking off Rose's hand. "It's all right," said she; "I needn't have minded; I know you didn't mean

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anything. It was just—the last straw, and—when you said that about my wedding-clothes—"

"Oh, Charlotte, you did speak about them yourself first," Rose said, deprecatingly.

"I did, so nobody else would," returned Charlotte. She wiped her eyes, drooping her stained face away from her cousin with a kind of helpless shame, then she smoothed her hair with the palms of her hands. "I know you didn't mean any harm, Rose," she added, presently. "I got my silk dress done last Wednesday; I wanted to tell you." Charlotte tried to smile at Rose with her poor swollen lips and her reddened eyes.

"I'm sorry I said anything," Rose repeated; "I ought to have known it would make you feel bad, Charlotte."

"No, you hadn't. I was terrible silly. Don't you want to see my dress, Rose?"

"Oh, Charlotte! you don't want to show it to me?"

"Yes, I do. I want you to see it—before I pack it away. It's in the north chamber."

Rose followed Charlotte out of the room across the passageway to the north chamber. Charlotte had had one brother, who had died some ten years before, when he was twenty. The north chamber had been his room, the bureau drawers were packed with his clothes, and the silk hat which had been the pride of his early manhood hung on the nail where he had left it, and also his Sunday coat. His mother would not have them removed, but kept them there, with frequent brushings, to guard against dust and moths.

Always when Charlotte entered this small long room, which was full of wavering lines from its uneven floor and walls and ceiling, and the long arabesques on its old blue and white paper, whose green paper curtains with fringed white dimity ones drooping over them were always drawn, and in summer-time when the windows were open undulated in the wind, she felt the sense of a presence as dim but as positive as the one she had used to have of faces in the wandering design of the old wall-paper when she had studied it in her childhood. Ever since her brother's death she had had this sense of his presence in his room; now she thought no more of it than any familiar figure. All the grief at his death had vanished, but she never entered his old room that the thought of him did not rise up before her and stay with her while she remained.

Now, when she opened the door, and the opposite green and white curtains flew out in the draught toward her, they were no more evident than this presence to which she now gave no thought, and pushed by her brother's memory without a glance.

Rose followed her to the bed. A white linen sheet was laid over the chintz counterpane. Charlotte lifted the sheet.

"I took the last stitch on it Wednesday night," she said, in a hushed voice.

"Didn't he come that night?"

"I finished it before he came."

"Did he see it?"

Charlotte nodded. The two girls stood looking solemnly at the silk dress.

"You can't see it here; it's too dark," said Charlotte, and she rolled up a window curtain.

"Yes, I can see better," said Rose, in a whisper. "It's beautiful, Charlotte."

The dress was spread widely over the bed in crisp folds. It was purple plaided vaguely with cloudy lines of white and delicate rose-color. Over it lay a silvery lustre that was the very light of the silken fabric.

Rose felt of it reverently. "How thick it is!" said she.

"Yes, it's a good piece," Charlotte replied.

"You thought you'd have purple?"

"Yes; he liked it."

"Well, it's pretty, and it's becoming to you."

Charlotte took up the skirt, and slipped it, loud with silken whispers, over her head. It swept out around her in a great circle; she looked like a gorgeous inverted bell-flower.

"It's beautiful," Rose said.

Charlotte's face, gazing downward at the silken breadths, had quite its natural expression. It was as if her mind in spite of herself would stop at old doors.

"Try on the waist," pleaded Rose.

Charlotte slipped off her calico waist, and thrust her firm white arms into the flaring silken sleeves of the wedding-gown. Her neck arose from it with a grand curve. She stood before the glass and strained the buttons together, frowning importantly.

"It fits you like a glove," Rose murmured, admiringly, smoothing Charlotte's glossy back.

"I've got a spencer-cape to wear over my neck to meeting," Charlotte said, and she opened the uppermost drawer in the chest and took out a worked muslin cape, and adjusted it carefully over her shoulders, pinning it across her bosom with a little brooch of her brother's hair in a rim of gold.

"It's elegant," said Rose.

"I'll show you my bonnet," said Charlotte. She went into a closet and emerged with a great green bandbox.

Rose bent over, watching her breathlessly as she opened it. "Oh!" she cried. "Oh, Charlotte!"

Charlotte held up the bonnet of fine Dunstable straw, flaring in front, and trimmed under the brim with a delicate lace ruche and a wreath of feathery white flowers. Bows of white gauze ribbon stood up from it stiffly. Long ribbon strings floated back over her arm as she held it up.

"Try it on," said Rose.

Charlotte stepped before the glass and adjusted the bonnet to her head. She tied the strings carefully under her chin in a great square bow, then she turned toward Rose. The fine white wreath under the brim encircled her face like a nimbus; she looked as she might have done sitting a bride in the meeting-house.

"It's beautiful," Rose said, smiling, with grave eyes. "You look real handsome in it, Charlotte." Charlotte stood motionless a moment, with Rose surveying her.

"Oh, Charlotte," Rose cried out, suddenly, "I don't believe but what you'll have him after all!" Rose's eyes were sharp upon Charlotte's face. It was as if the bridal robes, which were so evident, became suddenly proofs of something tangible and real, like a garment left by a ghost. Rose felt a sudden conviction that the quarrel was but a temporary thing; that Charlotte would marry Barney, and that she knew it.

A change came over Charlotte's face. She began untying the bonnet strings.

"Sha'n't you?" repeated Rose, breathlessly.

"No, I sha'n't."

Charlotte took the bonnet off and smoothed the creases carefully out of the strings.

"If I were you," Rose cried out, "I'd feel like tearing that bonnet to pieces!"

Charlotte replaced it in the bandbox, and began unhooking her dress.

"I don't see how you can bear the sight of them. I don't believe I could bear them in the house!" Rose cried out again. "I would put that dress in the rag-bag if it was mine!" Her cheeks burned, and her eyes were quite fierce upon the dress as Charlotte slipped it off and it fell to the floor in a rustling heap around her.

"I don't see any sense in losing everything you have ever had because you haven't got anything now," Charlotte returned, in a stern voice. She laid the shining silk gown carefully on the bed, and put on her cotton one again. Her face was quite steady.

Rose watched her with the same sharp question in her eyes. "You know you and Barney will make it up," she said at length.

"No, I don't," returned Charlotte. "Suppose we go down stairs now. I've got some work I ought to do."

Charlotte pulled down the green paper shades of the windows, and went out of the room. Rose followed. Charlotte turned to go down stairs, but Rose caught her arm.

"Wait a minute," said she. "Look here, Charlotte."

"What is it?"

"Charlotte," said Rose again; then she stopped.

Charlotte turned and looked at her. Rose's eyes met hers, and her face had a noble expression.

"You write a note to him, and I'll carry it," said Rose. "I'll go down in the field where he is on my way home."

Tears sprang into Charlotte's eyes. "You're real good, Rose," she said; "but I can't."

"Hadn't you better?"

"No; I can't. Don't let's talk any more about it."

Charlotte pushed past Rose's detaining hand, and the girls went down stairs. Mrs. Barnard looked around dejectedly at them as they entered the kitchen. Her eyes were red, and her mouth drooping; she was clearing the débris of the pies from the table; there was a smell of baking, but Cephas had gone out. She tried to smile at Rose. "Are you goin' now?" said she.

"Yes; I've got to. I've got to sew on my muslin dress. When are you coming over, Aunt Sarah? You haven't been over to our house for an age."

"I don't care if I never go anywhere," cried Sarah Barnard, with sudden desperation. "I'm discouraged." She sank into a chair, and flung her apron over her face.

"Don't, mother," said Charlotte.

"I can't help it," sobbed her mother. "You're young and you've got more strength to bear it, but mine's all gone. I feel worse about you than if it was myself, an' there's so much to put up with besides. I don't feel as if I could put up with things much longer, nohow."

"Uncle Cephas ought to be ashamed of himself!" Rose cried out.

Sarah stood up. "Well, I don't s'pose I have so much to put up with as some folks," she said, catching her breath as if it were her dignity. "Your Uncle Cephas means well. It did seem as if them sorrel pies were the last straw, but I hadn't ought to have minded it."

"You haven't got to eat sorrel pies, have you?" Rose asked in a bewildered way.

"I don't s'pose they'll be any worse than some other things we eat," Sarah answered, scraping the pie-board again.

"I don't see how you can."

"I guess they won't hurt us any," Sarah said, shortly, and Rose looked abashed.

"Well, I must be going," said she.

As she went out, she looked hesitatingly at Charlotte. "Hadn't you better?" she whispered. Charlotte shook her head, and Rose went out into the spring sunlight. She bent her head as she went down the road before the sweet gusts of south wind; the white apple-trees seemed to sing, for she could not see the birds in them.

Rose's face between the green sides of her bonnet had in it all the quickened bloom of youth in spring; her eyes had all the blue surprise of violets; she panted softly between red swelling lips as she walked; pulses beat in her crimson cheeks. Her slender figure yielded to the wind as to a lever. She passed Barney Thayer's new house; then she came opposite the field where he was at work ploughing, driving a white horse, stooping to his work in his blue frock.

Rose stood still and looked at him; then she walked on a little way; then she paused again. Barney never looked around at her. There was the width of a field between them.

Finally Rose went through the open bars into the first field. She crossed it slowly, holding up her skirts where there was a wet gleam through darker grass, and getting a little nosegay of violets with a busy air, as if that were what she had come for. She passed through the other bars into the second field, and Barney was only a little way from her. He did not glance at her then. He was ploughing with the look that Cadmus might have worn preparing the ground for the dragon's teeth.

Rose held up her skirts, and went along the furrows behind him. "Hullo, Barney," she said, in a trembling voice.

"Hullo," he returned, without looking around, and he kept on, with Rose following.

"Barney," said she, timidly.

"Well," said Barney, half turning, with a slight show of courtesy.

"Do you know if Rebecca is at home?"

"I don't know whether she is or not."

Barney held stubbornly to his rocking plough, and Rose followed.

"Barney," said she again.

"Well?"

"Stop a minute, and look round here."

"I can't stop to talk."

"Yes, you can; just a minute. Look round here."

Barney stopped, and turned a stern, miserable face over his shoulder.

"I've been up to Charlotte's," Rose said.

"I don't know what that is to me."

"Barney Thayer, ain't you ashamed of yourself?"

"I can't stop to talk."

"Yes, you can. Look here. Charlotte feels awfully."

Barney stood with his back to Rose; his very shoulders had a dogged look.

"Barney, why don't you make up with her?"

Barney stood still.

"Barney, she feels awfully because you didn't come back when she called you last night."

Barney made no reply. He and the white horse stood like statues.

"Barney, why don't you make up with her? I wish you would." Rose's voice was full of tender inflections; it might have been that of an angel peace-making.

Barney turned around between the handles of the plough, and looked at her steadily. "You don't know anything about it, Rose," he said.

Rose looked up in his face, and her own was full of fine pleading. "Oh, Barney," she said, "poor Charlotte does feel so bad! I know that, anyhow."

"You don't know how I am situated. I can't—"

"Do go and see her, Barney."

"Do you think I'm going into Cephas Barnard's house after he's ordered me out?"

"Go up the road a little way, and she'll come and meet you. I'll run ahead and tell her."

Barney shook his head. "I can't; you don't know anything about it, Rose." He looked into Rose's eyes. "You're real good, Rose," he said, as if with a sudden recognition of her presence.

Rose blushed softly, a new look came into her eyes, she smiled up at him, and her face was all pink and sweet and fully set toward him; like a rose for which he was a sun.

"No, I ain't good," she whispered.

"Yes, you are; but I can't. You don't know anything about it." He swung about and grasped his plough-handles again.

"Barney, do stop a minute," Rose pleaded.

"I can't stop any longer; there's no use talking," Barney said; and he went on remorselessly through the opening furrow. Just before he turned the corner Rose made a little run forward and caught his arm.

"You don't think I've done anything out of the way speaking to you about it, do you, Barney?" she said, and she was half crying.

"I don't know why I should think you had; I suppose you meant all right," Barney said. He pulled his arm away softly, and jerked the right rein to turn the horse. "G'lang," he cried out, and strode forward with a conclusive air.

Rose stood looking after him a minute, then she struck off across the field. Her knees trembled as she stepped over the soft plough-ridges.

When she was out on the road again she went along quickly until she came to the Thayer house. She was going past that when she heard some one calling her name, and turned to see who it was.

Rebecca Thayer came hurrying out of the yard with a basket on her arm. "Wait a minute," she called, "and I'll go along with you."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.

WHAT the chosen president of that congeries of different yet related colleges constituting a modern university will be to it, and what the institution will be to him, depend largely upon the history and characteristics of the parties. Action and reaction must be beneficent when superior and subordinate have like exalted conceptions of the ends contemplated in higher education, when methods are modified by profound philosophy of universal experience and present relations, and operative energy is to the extent of personal and collective resources.

Syracuse University is the outgrowth of Genesee College, formerly situate in Lima, New York. In some sense it is also the successor of Troy University. It inherits the avails of eminent educators like Drs. Reid, Cummings, and McClintock, who once presided over its predecessors. In existing form it is the creation of years passing since the civil war. Architecturally it consists of an imposing group of buildings crowning a commanding eminence, and enjoying unobstructed view of Onondaga Lake in front, and of the expanding city on either flank. Conspicuous in the verdant campus of fifty acres is the *Hall of Languages*, constructed of dressed limestone, 180 by 96 feet in superficial area, and rising to the altitude of four stories. This domiciles the College of Liberal Arts, with its roster—according to the *Twenty-second Annual*—of 304 resident undergraduates. That spirit of religion which holds in solution the ethics needful to individual and social accommodation to environment is at once illustrated and fostered by the neighborly *Gymnasium and Christian Association Building*, 101 by 70 feet, erected of brick, with limestone trimmings, and containing all first-class appliances, with ample room for the prosecution of instructive and devotional work. In the *Library Building*, of limestone, Trenton brick, and terra-cotta ornamentation, is abundant space for all literary accessories, and shelving for 135,000 volumes. Between 45,000 and 50,000 (more than in any college excepting two in the State of New York), with plentiful current literature, are at command of the students. Among the choicest treasures is the historical library of more than 20,000 volumes, with numerous pamphlets and manuscripts, of Leopold von Ranke, brought hither from Germany in 1887 as the gift of Mrs. John M. Reid, wife of an earlier president. The *Charles Demarest-Holden Observatory*—gray, rock-faced, and of limestone—is equipped with an eight-inch Alvin Clark telescope, a three-inch reversible transit, chronograph, clock, chronometer, micrometer, spectroscope, and other apparatus for astronomical and meteorological observations and for thorough teaching. Provision for the culture of the æsthetic in human nature is not less wise or available in the magnificent four-storied *John Crouse Memorial College*, of red sandstone on granite foundation, and with massive tower, covering an area of 162 by 190 feet, erected by the donor whose name it bears, and elegantly furnished by his son Edgar. It is one of the most, if not the most, beautifully impressive structures of the kind in this or in any country, and is a fitting residence for the College of Fine Arts, with its nearly 300 students. Three suitable buildings on Orange Street shelter the excellent and prosperous College of Medicine, with its valuable professional library and more than fifty matriculants. Church there is none; substitute is provided in the Crouse College, with its spacious hall of 1200 sittings and rich $15,000 organ. This serves for baccalaureate sermons and special religious assemblies, while the numerous churches of the city minister to the catholic wants of students who, as boarders, are distributed throughout the municipality.

Hazing is a forbidden abomination. Women are held in reverence, and entitled to equal rights and privileges with men. Morals are singularly pure, and conduce to genuine success. To this end philanthropy, as well as erudition, spares neither purse, prayer, nor pains. Six seminaries—Claverack, Cazenovia, Antwerp, Onondaga Valley, Chittenango, and Lima—sustain the relation of *gymnasia* to the university, and send thither certificated graduates. Qualified candidates from other schools are admitted on examination.

With all the lessons of the past, opportunities of the present, and possibilities of the future before it, Syracuse University endeavors to make the most out of all by means of its Senate, composed of Chancellor, three professors of Liberal Arts, two of Fine Arts, two of Medicine, and two trustees. In the instructional departments are fifteen professors and instructors of the Liberal Arts, fourteen of the Fine

Arts, and twenty-six of Medicine. More pecuniary aid than is at all times forth-coming is the chronic necessity of every American institution for higher education. This has about $550,000 of productive endowment, and about $1,750,000 in entire net property. It is fortunate in having as the president of its Board of Trustees John D. Archbold, Esq., Vice-President of the Standard Oil Company. Professors and instructors are of ripe and various culture—European often, as well as American. Courses of study are carefully differentiated, in view of the aptitudes, preferences, and intended activities of students, and call for stenographic expertness on the part of recipients. The College of Fine Arts is the first of its class in the evolution of American education that received recognition as an equal integer of the university. In it architecture and painting among the formative and music among the phonetic arts have attained gratifying development. Fellowships (more wanted) yielding $500, more or less, annually, enable struggling genius to utilize the advantages of great art centres. Among the minor centres Syracuse promises great prominence. It owns the celebrated Leavenworth-Wolff Collection, containing 12,000 sheets of rare and costly etchings and engravings, representing the great masters of all ages. Its museum is rich in valuable scientific collections, casts of fossil remains, and specimens suited to working students of the natural sciences. All future matriculants for the degree of Ph.D. will be required to spend two years of post-graduate study at the university.

Syracuse University, like Cologne cathedral, aspires to the full measure of perfectness, while its grand design concretes all too slowly for common impatience. Of former toilers, Bishop J. T. Peck won distinction as a theological writer, Winchell and Steele as scientists and authors, Bishop E. Haven as a philosopher, Bennett as an archæologist, Comfort as the pioneer of æsthetic culture, and Little as a lecturer on history. Others have done excellent work in the fields of science and letters. Into their labors successive colleagues enter, all cherishing the essential but modifiable ideal of attainment, and bending all energies to place it in the category of facts accomplished.

The Rev. James R. Day, D.D., unanimously elected to fill the post so long and ably occupied by the Rev. Charles N. Sims, D.D., is one of the most gifted and popular of Christian ministers. Born in the State of Maine, of sturdiest Puritan ancestry, and wonted to arduous effort in farming and lumbering under the tutelage of a sire remarkable for unusual force, business originality, and unbending uprightness, he was not less judiciously trained in mind and morals. Thomas Day, the father, was a zealous servant of the church in every office accessible to laymen at the time. Mrs. Day, the mother, was a daughter of the Rev. Samuel Hillman, who was ordained by Bishop Asbury in 1792, and who subsequently merited the praise of character and service meted out by Rev. Abel Stevens, D.D., the "Tacitus of Methodism," in his admirable *History of the Methodist Episcopal Church*. The wife of Dr. Day is also the daughter of a Methodist minister—the late Rev. R. R. Richards, one of the most useful members of the East Maine Conference. Frontier experiences in Washington and Oregon, and following studies in the Maine Wesleyan Seminary and in Bowdoin College, fostered symmetrical development in the young scholar. Progress was estopped for a while by alarming symptoms of pulmonary consumption, and by depression of spirits induced by excessive overwork and lack of out-door exercise. Both, however, were driven away by the pure bracing air of Minnesota.

To college, however, he did not return. Like Prescott the historian, and other distinguished scholars, he absorbed whatever of benefit the college could proffer, and hungered with intense longing for whatever of good might be gathered from other quarters. Gains were put to instant, incessant use. Called to the ministry of Christ, endowed with splendid physique, six feet and three inches tall, and now weighing fully 250 pounds, with powerful and finely modulated voice, moving eloquence, and winning manners, he passed through the principal pastorates of the Maine, New Hampshire, New England and New York conferences, going from the First Church, Boston, to St. Paul's, New York, in 1883.

To the latter, after a memorable three years' ministry in Newburgh, he was again invited in 1889, but declined in favor of Calvary Church, Harlem, where his contagious enthusiasm, sober wisdom, fixed purpose, and confident self-reliance, aided by loving parishioners, have enlarged the capacity of the structure so that it and the congregation are the largest of any Protestant denomination in the city. Sums raised for pastoral support have more than doubled, while congregation has quintupled, and annual revenue for current expenses risen to about $19,000. The Sabbath-school is one of the largest within the corporation, and with the guilds, charities, Epworth League, and assistant pastoral service reveals a genius for organization and government that augurs well for prosperity in the untried paths upon which the pastor is summoned to tread.

The diploma of D.D. was conferred upon Dr. Day by the Wesleyan University and Dickinson College on the same day. As former trustee of the Boston University, as member of the Board of Education of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and as active in the General Missionary Committee, and also in the Missionary Board which supervises Methodist Episcopal Missions throughout the world, he has been gathering and digesting the knowledge required for the chancellorate of Syracuse. In 1888, while a member of the General Conference, he received an honorable vote for the episcopacy.

Literary work has been almost necessarily confined to the composition and publication of sermons and addresses at Commencements and on special occasions, such as that in Carnegie Hall, New York, where five thousand souls—the cream of all evangelical persuasions—assembled to honor the memory of the lamented Bishop Phillips Brooks. Drs. Storrs and Abbott, Joseph H. Choate, and others, including Dr. Day, were representative orators. The eloquent and critically appreciative address of the last-mentioned was listened to with marked expressions of approval.

True education, familiarity with scholastic establishments and their work, ability that brings things to pass, and confidence born of unbroken success are rare qualifications for the office to which the voice of enthusiastic students, pondering trustees, and judicious friends have called Chancellor Day. The demand meets the man, and the man meets the demand. Deepest deliberate conviction of duty compels response to it at any cost—and that wisely. The university President's chair is a throne of power. It unites the possibilities of preacher, teacher, pastor, author, and governor. It multiplies personality. It trains for noblest service in church or state. Success to university and Chancellor!

RICHARD WHEATLEY.

FOR GOOD CITY GOVERNMENT.

BY HENRY CHARLES LEA.

PERHAPS the most remarkable recent development of modern civilization is the enormous increase in the urban population. In both hemispheres the towns have grown disproportionately to the rest of the community, and the progress in this direction shows no sign of slackening. Especially is this the case in our own land, where the list of cities having more than 100,000 inhabitants has leaped from twenty to twenty-eight within the last decade. The causes which have led to this are not far to seek, in the multiplied attractions of urban life, the constantly increasing facilities of transportation, and the feeling of unrest and desire for change so characteristic of our time. These causes will continue to operate with probably added intensity, and we may reasonably look forward to a constant growth in the percentage of the civic population.

The problems offered to the statesman by these unprecedented aggregations of humanity are complicated with us by the democracy of our institutions, and the enormous influx of foreigners, untrained in self-government and ignorant of our system, of whom the least desirable portion is apt to congregate in the centres of population. Yet those problems must be wisely solved if the great republican experiment which we are trying is not to prove a failure. Thus far, it must be confessed, our success has not been encouraging. The observer may vainly cast his eye from one great city to another throughout the land in search of one in which municipal business is carried on efficiently and economically—perhaps I may even say honestly. In this there is little cause for wonder. The functions of a modern municipality are complex in the extreme. It is intrusted with the lives and fortunes of its citizens; it has to provide for their health, their education, their safety, and the facilities for the transaction of the work on which depend their support and prosperity. The efficacy of the intricate machinery devised for these multifarious objects rests wholly, under our form of government, on the public virtue and public spirit of the people, while in the fierce competition of modern life the citizen is apt to be so wholly absorbed in the struggle for existence that he has little time or disposition to discharge the duties which he owes to himself and to society. This constitutes the conspicuously weak point of our municipal institutions. On the one hand, the functions of city government include nearly all of what is most vitally important to the daily life and well-being of the individual, while its taxation takes a larger share out of his earnings than all the rest of the public burdens combined. On the other hand, the details of municipal business are prosaic; they have in them nothing to inflame the imagination; and an accurate knowledge of their details, of the complicated organization of the municipal machine, and of the character of officials and aspirants for office, involves an amount of time and labor to acquire and keep up which very few disinterested citizens are willing to devote.

The inevitable outcome of this is that the average citizen is completely and densely ignorant of all that he ought to know if he is to perform aright his political duties. The details of municipal management seem to him petty and insignificant beside the larger questions of national politics; he has rarely the independence requisite to dissociate the one from the other, and to reflect that the government of his city is as purely a matter of business as the conduct of a railroad or of a shop. In public matters we are all of us much more prone to be governed by sentiment than by common-sense; we range ourselves with the great political parties, and on election day we vote our party tickets with a serene indifference as to the qualifications of the bearers of the unknown names which figure on it as candidates for the numerous municipal offices—offices which we ought to recognize as practically of much higher import to us than those for which our partisan enthusiasm has been aroused.

That this public indifference should be exploited to the utmost by the professional politician is inevitable. The manipulation of the affairs of a great city is a source of endless wealth and influence to those who can secure its control, and the supineness of the community is an invitation to bosses and rings which is not apt to be neglected. Consequently we see their wealth mysteriously grow, while the city government is notoriously extravagant and ill-managed. Nowhere else, probably, in the civilized world does the citizen get so little in return for his taxes. At times there are spasmodic efforts at reform, such as that which drove from power Tweed and his gang, which elected Seth Low in Brooklyn, and which last November again broke the power of the bosses in that city. Organizations of various kinds have been made in most of the larger cities, through which independent citizens have sought to purify local politics, or to impose some curb upon the ruling faction. Unfortunately these endeavors are mostly short-lived. They involve enormous labor and considerable expenditure; unless some fortuitous circumstance occurs to arouse public indignation, they are apt to achieve results apparently disproportionate to the effort, their supporters become discouraged, and the attempt is abandoned for the time, while the forces of evil are ever at work, untiring in success, and undismayed in defeat.

Yet, though the difficulties in the way of the reform of our municipal governments are enormous, it cannot be that a people so self-reliant as ours, and gifted with such marked political adaptiveness, can fail in time to devise a remedy. It is an encouraging symptom that the need for such a remedy is becoming generally recognized, and that in nearly every large city there is some kind of organization at work, seeking to combat the demoralizing influence of municipal corruption. The introduction of the Australian ballot is another movement promising large results, as the facilities which it affords for independent nominations and voting diminish greatly the enormous preponderance hitherto enjoyed by the thoroughly organized political machines. With a view of concentrating and stimulating the reform sentiment, and of utilizing it as far as possible in practical channels, the Municipal League of Philadelphia has called a conference to assemble in that city on the 25th and 26th of the present month, inviting the attendance of representatives from similar bodies in other cities, and of prominent gentlemen who are actively interested in elevating the standard of municipal public life. The responses already received show that the project is recognized as an important step in advance, and that it is full of promise in strengthening the hands of the laborers for good civic government. If his professional engagements permit, the conference will be presided over by Mr. James C. Carter, president of the City Club of New York. Delegates will be present from the Citizens' Association of Boston, the City Club of New York, the Tax-payers' Association and the Reform League of Baltimore, the Civic Federation of Chicago, the Minneapolis Board of Trade, the Civil Service Reform Association, and other organizations, besides many gentlemen well known for their labors in the cause. The proceedings will open with brief addresses sketching the existing conditions of municipal government in Boston, New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Chicago, by men thoroughly familiar with all local details. In the afternoon session of the 25th some special topics will be presented and debated. On the 26th the morning session will be occupied with the question "How to arouse public sentiment in favor of good city government," followed in the afternoon with "How to bring public sentiment to bear upon the choice of good public officials"—both subjects of vital importance, on which careful papers have been prepared by gentlemen representing the various large cities. At each session due time will be allowed for discussion and the interchange of opinion. The conference will close with a public meeting, at which addresses are promised by the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, and other gentlemen familiar with the practical details of the questions involved.

A gathering such as this, of earnest thoughtful men, bringing together the varied experiences of municipal misrule in all the larger cities of the land, and discussing the most feasible and effective plans of reform, is one of the most encouraging signs of the times. It testifies to the awakening of the public conscience on a question which is second to none in its influence on the well-being of the people and the perpetuity of our institutions. If this awakening can be rendered general, there need be no fears as to the eventual result.

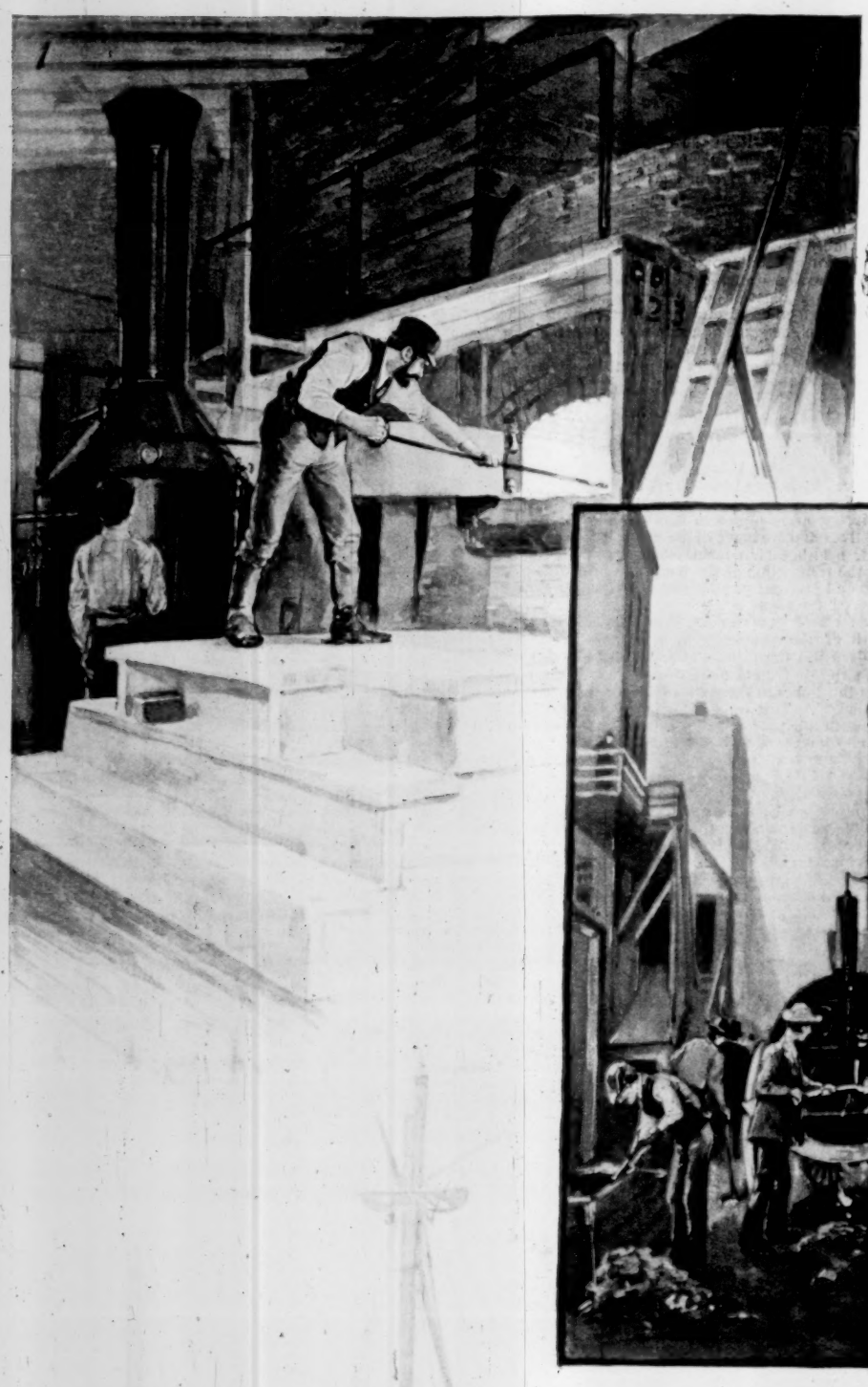
UNCONQUERED.

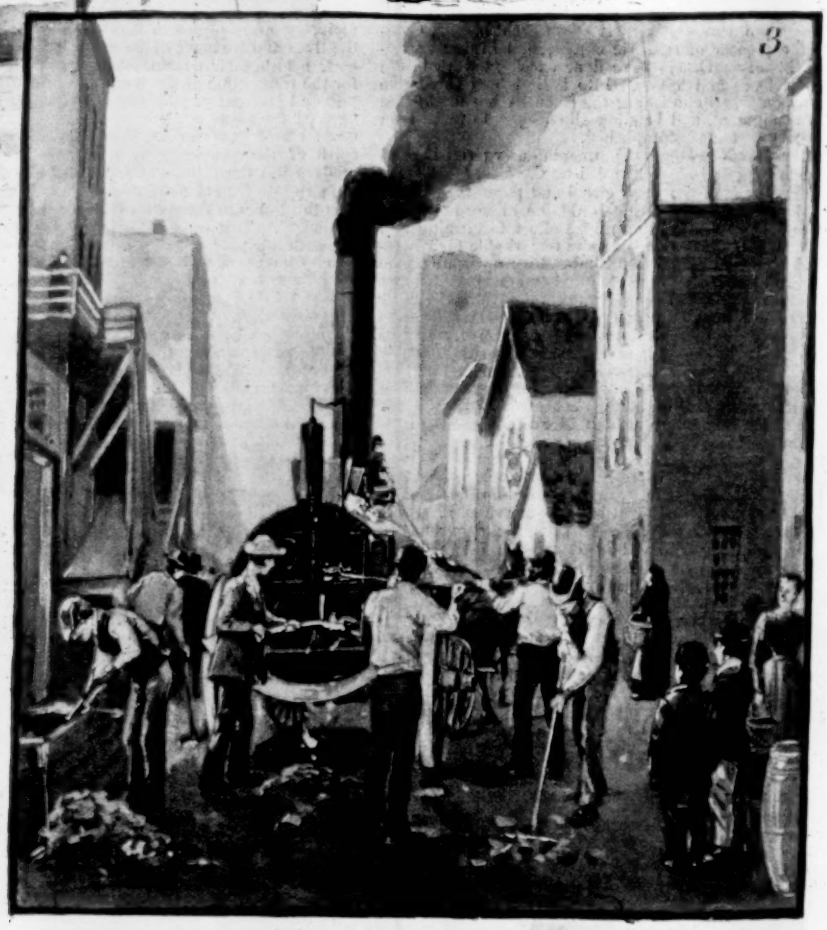
HOWEVER strong and skilled art thou, my foe,
However fierce is thy relentless hate;
Though firm thy hand, and sure thy aim, and straight
Thy poisoned arrows leave the bended bow
To pierce the target of my heart,—ah! know
I am the master yet of my own fate.
Thou canst not rob me of my chief estate,
Though fortune, fame, and friends, yea, love shall go.
Not to the dust shall my true self be hurled,
Nor shall I meet thy worst assaults dismayed.
When all things in the balance are well weighed
There is but one great danger in the world,
Thou canst not force my soul to wish thee ill—
There only lies the evil that can kill.

ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THOSE NEEDLESS QUESTIONS.

"Hullo! what is Uncle Silas taking little Tommy into the wood-shed for?"
"He's going to take little Tommy on his knee."
"To spank him?"
"Oh no; of course not. To tell him funny stories."





DISPOSING OF A CITY'S REFUSE—STATIONARY AND PORTABLE GARBAGE-BURNERS OF CHICAGO.

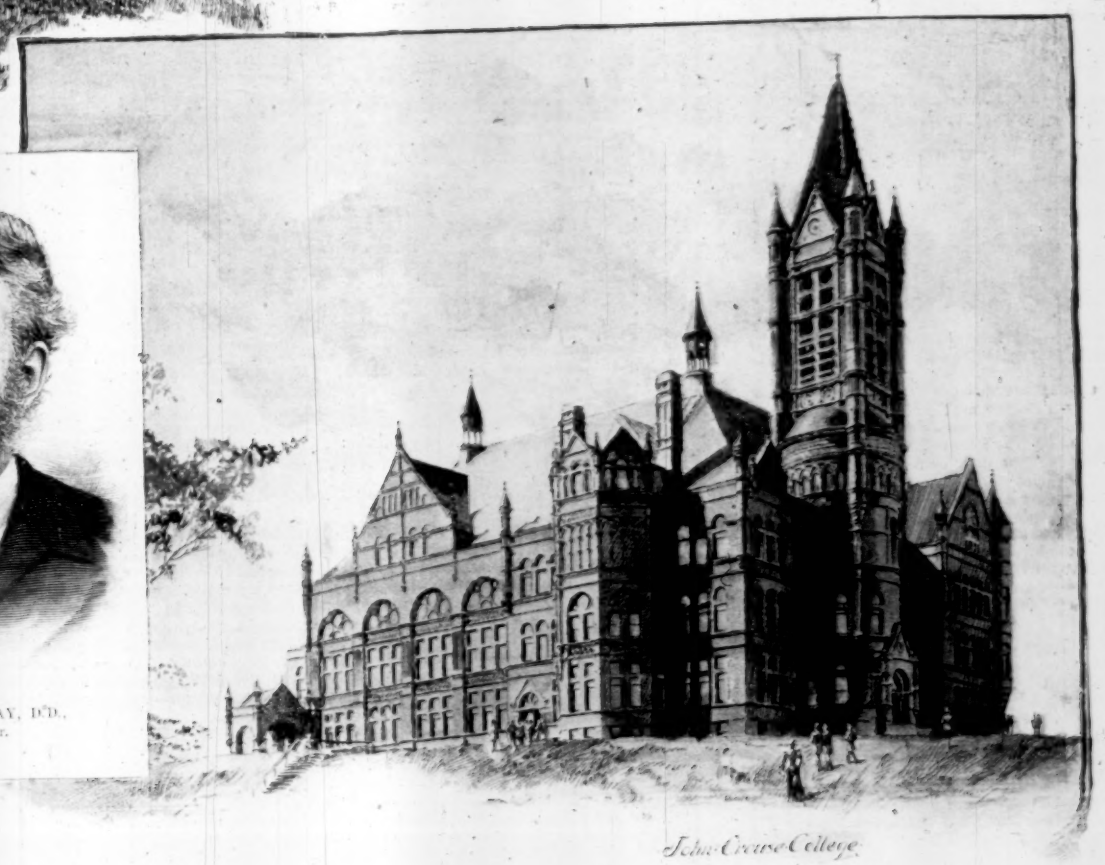
DRAWN BY CHARLES MENTE.—[SEE PAGE 82.]

1. Interior of Stationary Crematory—Raking out the Furnace. 2. Portable Paper-Burner. 3. Travelling Garbage-Burner. 4. Exterior of Stationary Crematory, showing Runway and Feeding-Slide.

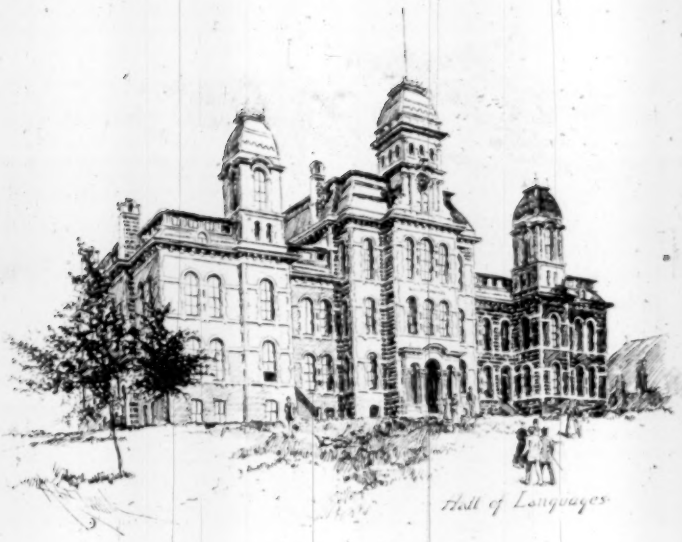
The Observatory

Y.M.C.A. and Gymnasium

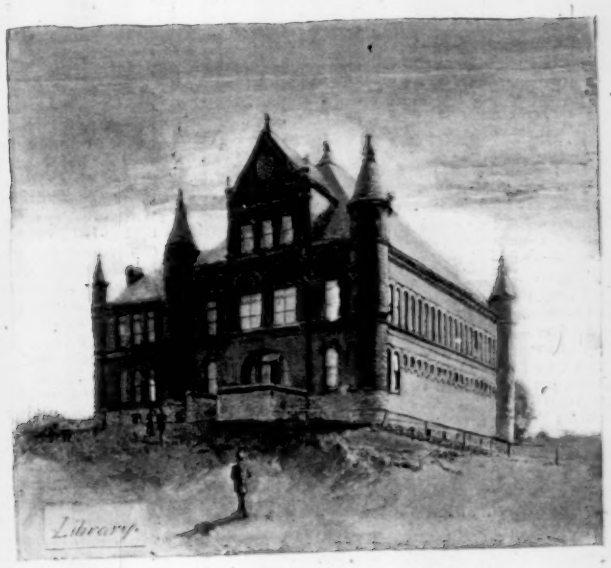
THE REV. JAMES R. DAY, D.D.,
The new Chancellor.



John Crouse College



Hall of Languages



Library

SYRACUSE UNIVERSITY.—Drawn by Harry C. Edwards from Photographs.—[See Page 78.]

THIS BUSY WORLD

Mayor Bancroft, of Cambridge, well known as a former captain of winning Harvard crews, has been quoted as opposed to all intercollegiate athletic contests, but, judging from a "smoke talk" on college athletics which he gave the other night at the University Club in Boston, his opposition is so qualified as to be easily mistaken for support. He believes very emphatically in college athletics as a means of physical training to collegians. He is indifferent to them apparently as a means of amusing spectators. He believes that the comparatively few men who engage in intercollegiate games make too great a sacrifice of their time and energy to those contests, and that too many college men expend all their own athletic interest in seeing other men work. He would like to have every man take just as much athletic exercise as is good for him, and no more, and he thinks that young fellows ought to have sense enough to do that of their own volition, without requiring special inducements.

No doubt they should have, but they haven't. They are not of Mr. Bancroft's opinion that "of all forms of pleasure, the rational pursuit of athletics is the highest." Many other forms of pleasure are very potent with them, and particularly with the physically lazy ones. They like to smoke, they like to loaf, they like to sit on the fence and in the sun and talk, they like to read, and some of them like to study. They are willing to take enough gentle exercise to make them comfortable, but to get them regularly into active motion in flannels requires strong extra inducement. The fact that athletics is the fashion offers just that necessary inducement to many of those lazy men. If the interest in sports is keen and universal the atmosphere of it affects them, and they are stirred by the example of their fellows. The disagreeableness of being left out offsets the pleasures of laziness. The result is that where the interest in sports is lively a great many more men take wholesome, regular exercise than where it is dull.

M. Waddington, who died a fortnight ago in Paris, was a football-player of renown at Rugby in his day, and rowed on the winning Cambridge crew in 1849. In his case intercollegiate athletics seem not to have been attended with any permanently disastrous effects. But perhaps the foes of intercollegiate football will point out that the flying wedge had not been invented in the forties.

It was odd that a man who was not himself a Harvard graduate should have been able to identify himself so closely with Harvard interests and Harvard alumni as Frank Bolles, the late secretary of the university. One reason for it was that if Harvard was not exactly Mr. Bolles's *alma mater*, at least she was the nearest thing to it that he had. He took his degree at the Harvard Law School, taking many undergraduate courses at the same time, and last Commencement he was honored with the degree of Master of Arts. He seemed to have a boundless capacity for interesting himself in the welfare of individual undergraduates, and apparently constituted himself a sort of ways and means committee for securing maintenance for students who lacked it, and for making the scanty funds of others go the farthest possible distance. To find employment for new graduates who needed it was another work with which he busied himself tirelessly, and with much success. No wonder that such devotion should have won for him a warm place in the affections of the younger generation of Harvard men, and that his death is deplored wherever Harvard men are found.

Commending a contemporary magazine for children, the London *Times* says that it adds to its literary and artistic merits the recommendation of being thoroughly American, so that "young English folks are transported to another continent, where they come upon what is fresh and unfamiliar at every turn, and there is novelty in the very phrases and forms of expression."

That is where the little Britishers get the advantage of their cousins. The American child's reading begins with "Mother Goose," and from that time on he reads at least as many English as American books, so that what is English in pictures and text becomes familiar to him just about as soon as what is American. So, at least, it used to be thirty years ago. The great development of children's literature since then in this country may have made some difference.

An illustration of the feminine capacity of the Briton to be of the same opinion still after he has been corrected appears in the remark of the London *Times* in its New-Year's summary of the record of 1893, that "the stage has shown us one good play—Mr. Pinero's *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray*." So far as convincing the *Times* goes, the efforts of the New York critics seems to have been wasted.

Other passages in this same summary are interesting for other reasons. Coming to books, it names *Lowell's Letters* as the book of the year—an opinion which has since been confirmed by a second review of the Letters, of which it says that they "may perhaps come to be numbered among the half-dozen treasures of this order which the language possesses." In this notice it also finds occasion to compliment the editing of Professor Norton, of whose "conciseness, discretion, and wise reserve too much can scarcely be said."

The two Americans whom the *Times* singles out to mention in its New-Year's editorial reference to the necrology of the year are Phillips Brooks and Edwin Booth. In a list of English dead, which includes Tyndall, Dean Merivale, Symonds, and Lord Derby, it names as perhaps chief of all "Benjamin Jowett, the last of the great university men of his generation, and a man whose subtle and indefinable influence has gone deep and far."

The British National Society for the Employment of Epileptics has bought a farm of one hundred and thirty-five acres for the establishment of an epileptic colony, and has a distinguished committee, headed by Lord Herschell and the Duke of Westminster, out begging for funds to go on with the work. The committee in its appeal uses the arguments that were used with success last year to induce the Legislature of New York to authorize the purchase of the Sonyea property in Livingston County for a colony of epileptics of this State. That project, it will be remembered, was scotched for the time by Governor Flower's veto, but will doubtless be brought up again at Albany this winter, and, it is to be hoped, with better results than last year. The late President Craig, of the State Board of Charities, gave the plan careful and extended consideration last year, was warmly in favor of a colony somewhere, and regarded the Sonyea property as exceptionally fit for the purpose, and a very advantageous bargain for the State.

Many newspaper readers were startled for an instant the other day by the paragraph that told of the death of Thackeray's widow. Thousands of readers, born since Thackeray's death, who have learned to love that great-hearted writer with a personal affection, marvelled to learn that the wife whom the novelist lost more than fifty years ago has only just now died. In a way it was like learning news of Thackeray himself, and at least it served to remind us how much the world lost by the blight that saddened the life of the master-humorist of them all, and stayed his hand twenty years before its time.

It was generally considered as a joke on British morality that after Henry Vizitelly, the British publisher of Zola's novels, had been sent to jail for printing them, Zola himself should have been invited to London and lionized. To be sure, the people who imprisoned the publisher were not the identical individuals who lionized the author, still it was something of a joke on the English, notwithstanding, and the point of it has been recently accentuated by the death of Vizitelly. He was seventy years old when he was sent to Hollywood jail, and imprisonment did not agree with him, for he has been in feeble health ever since he came out. His books were confiscated and his business ruined, and no doubt that disagreed with him too. And, after all, his punishment was a vain measure, since it failed conspicuously to establish the principle that Zola's books are sinful reading for British subjects.

The American idea seems to be that Zola's novels are nasty enough to be their own protection, and that it is as unnecessary to prohibit them as to enact game-laws for the preservation of crows and buzzards. Naturalists will shoot buzzards in the practice of their profession, and naturalists and persons strongly bent on acquiring curious knowledge will read Zola's novels, and, worse than that, will go to see Ibsen's plays. But sensible Americans are hardly likely to do either one, except under an impulse of a strong sense of obligation to know the worst.

A recent paragraph in the Weekly prompts Mr. B. F. Keith, of the Union Square and other theatres, to send it word that the idea of a continuous performance upon the stage of an American theatre dates from the 6th of July, 1885, when he put forth that style of entertainment at his first theatre in Boston. Mr. Keith says that this first-of-its-sort-in-America entertainment lasted, absolutely without pause of any sort, from early in the forenoon until half past ten at night, and that the same sort of entertainment has been going on at his Boston theatre ever since, and at his Philadelphia theatre since 1889. He would have had one in New York, too, long ago if he could have got a suitable house. The success of the continuous theatrical season attests the strength of the popular conviction that one cannot have too much of a good thing. E. S. Martin.

CHICAGO GARBAGE-BURNING.

The municipality of Chicago is in the throes of the garbage question just at present. This means that the city has reached the metropolitan stage of its growth, and that from now on it must grapple with problems that have become long since familiar to the governments of all great cities, from the time when Babylon was in its palmy days to the present moment. Water supply and aqueduct systems make up the first necessity with which growing municipalities must fight. After that comes drainage. After drainage light and transit have their day. And when all these matters have been nicely arranged, and the municipality looks around and finds that it has no longer a civic back yard into which to dump its garbage, it calls in the experts and asks for relief. Now the World's Fair city has long outgrown its garbage-dumping age, and conceives that as a town claiming a population of 2,000,000 it should have modern methods of disposing of its offal. The reduction or cremation process seemed the best and most reasonable, and experiments were therefore begun along that line.

Stationary crematories for garbage have been used with success, and are now so used in many foreign countries, notably in England. There the plant is an important affair. There are several stationary burners in England that have cost not less than £50,000 or £75,000 each to construct and equip. In this country the best stationary burner is at Los Angeles, California—that is, of course, excepting the new one at Chicago, whose inventor claims for its process first rank among its kind the world over. The Los Angeles burner is a rather small matter built for a small town. In looking up the literature of stationary garbage-burners the Street and Alley Cleaning Bureau of Chicago ascertained the fact that the great crematories of England were built with a royal disregard of expense. They can melt anything that is fed to them. The expense attaching to a plant that can reduce and destroy utterly fifty dead horses at once may be readily imagined. The crematory of Mr. A. M. Brainard at Chicago was not constructed for such vast work as this, and hence cost considerably less, and does not ask quite so much money for its operation.

Some further description of Mr. Brainard's system will be given below. Meanwhile it is necessary to call the attention of experimenters in garbage-burning to an ingenious device designed by Mr. George S. Welles, who until recently was the superintendent of the Chicago Street and Alley Cleaning Bureau. While the city was experimenting with the stationary crematory, Mr. Welles had built a novel engine for the reduction of city garbage. He called it a travelling crematory, in distinction to the stationary, and chiefly for the reason that it is what the name implies. The construction is quite simple. It resembles a horizontal boiler on wheels, in which the compartments are so divided that the primary combustion-chamber receives the refuse, which with sprays of coal-oil issuing from oil-tanks placed perpendicularly on the top of the boiler produces the heat. This refuse consists of paper, old wood, rags, rubber, or other odd stuff that is found in the garbage-boxes. No garbage is thrown into this chamber. It is first placed in a secondary chamber, where it is dried, after which process it is transferred to the final combustion-chamber to be destroyed. This transfer is made by opening a door in the drying-chamber and pushing the contents forward on grates that are placed at a declining angle. Only four minutes pass from the time the garbage enters the drying-chamber until it is all destroyed, leaving nothing behind but ashes. The fumes arising from the drying garbage pass forward through a spray of oil from another tank, and are joined by the flame of the burning garbage below. Its chief and best feature is the saving it makes in cartage. The collection of garbage and its transfer by teams either to a stationary crematory or to a dumping-ground is the main item of expense in handling the offal of a city. Mr. Welles claims his portable burner largely overcomes this difficulty. In fact, the designer of the machine, although he has burned many tons with it, does not believe in cremation at all. He holds that garbage may be dumped and covered with ashes in perfect safety. But as the city desired it burned, he selected this way of burning it. Mr. Welles's crematory will not consume and cannot receive indigestible stuff like bottles, old fruit-cans, worn-out stove-lids, scrap-iron, and the like. He limits its use to combustible refuse and garbage.

His arguments are interesting in the matter of cost. The portable burners may be built for about $1000 each, and seventy of them will keep the city clear of garbage. The objection to the smoke that issues from the funnel is not weighty. It is white vapor, and not offensive to the sense of smell. In Chicago, or in any other city laid out on the same street plan, the traveller is seldom seen in the highways, its work being limited to the byways or alleys. Following the traveller is a wagon for the collection of the refuse that cannot be consumed. This is of infinite variety, but when the garbage and the combustible matter have been taken from it its quantity is largely reduced.

Chicago's appropriation for street-cleaning this year is $1,000,000. This sum will fall short of its purpose. The streets and alleys cannot be properly cleaned with that money. Distances are interminable. For the removal of garbage 600 teams are employed. At $3 75 per day each the cost per day is $2250. That is the equal of $675,000 a year for teams only. One team will haul an average of one and one-half tons to a load, or about four tons a day—a total of 2700 tons a day. The charge for cremating the garbage by the stationary process is 70 cents per ton, or $1900 per day for cremation. That is the equivalent of $515,000 per year for cremation. These are the figures of Mr. Welles, who is inalienably opposed to the stationary plan. He says that the sixteen teams that remove the garbage in the Eleventh Ward alone, and the cremation of the garbage they haul, cost the city not less than $115 per day. The travelling machine will keep this ward clean for a cost of $16 a day.

The discrepancy is appalling. Mr. Brainard, however, who operates the stationary crematory, laughs at Mr. Welles's calculations, and the bitterness of the two parties, which seems to have become a sort of political faction fight in Chicago, is very amusing. The exact processes by which Mr. Brainard manipulates the gases for the generation of heat in his retort are his own secret, and he refuses to disclose it. The general construction of his crematory—the only one of its kind in existence—is open for inspection, and he takes quite as much pride in its efficiency as Mr. Welles does in the incontrovertible merits of his. Mr. Welles, who was at the head of the bureau when the stationary burner was first tried, boasts that he stopped it, or choked it, in two weeks. Mr. Brainard, on the other hand, laughs at Mr. Welles, and bitingly ridicules his efforts to "choke my consumer," as he puts it himself.

The stationary man genially invited the portable man to bring his travelling burner down to the stationary burner, the purpose of the invitation being, on the part of Mr. Brainard, to throw the traveller into the retort, and melt it away into a harmless lump of scrap-iron. Mr. Welles retorted by offering to bet Mr. Brainard $1000 that he would fill the stationary burner up with ashes in ten days. Of course neither proposition was accepted, and out of this picturesque rivalry grew a startlingly clean condition of alley in the city.

The city has accepted the stationary crematory, having considered the tests to which it was submitted as satisfactory. It is withal a rather pretty little building, when its purpose is taken into consideration. It is situated at the river and Superior Street on the North Side, surrounded by shipping and warehouses and factories. In principle and construction it is a wide departure from others that have been used in this country. The retort is circular in form, and eight feet in diameter. It is built of brick, the house of the same material, and all is painted white. At one side of the house is a runway for teams hauling the garbage. This runway leads to a semicircular platform, on which the garbage is dumped. Here it is taken by laborers and thrown into three openings, to be carried down as many chutes into the retort below, where it is consumed. The chutes are built at an inclining angle of about forty-five degrees; their orifices opening on the dumping platform are closed with sliding doors. From each chute, near the outside mouth, is a flue that connects with the chimney, and through these flues pass the products of the combustion. The heat in the chutes, even up to the very openings, is so intense that the matter passing into them is almost consumed before it reaches the retort. This is especially true of vegetable matters. The refuse is received in the retort on a bed of grate bars, and is constantly raked over by a man who stands at the large opening. The residue is thrown out through two openings at the side. Heat is made by constant sprays of petroleum into the furnace, and its generation is facilitated by the injection of air with a blower-fan through a large pipe that encircles the retort. The oil is blown into the furnace with a steam jet, so that the combustion is especially fierce. The flame strikes the garbage from above, and as the vegetable matter burns various gases produced in the retort by the combustion flicker and flare in greens, blues, yellows, and almost all the spectroscopic colors.

In the reduction of the garbage by this crematory no distinction is made as to kind. Ashes, bottles, tin, scrap-iron, are alike flung into its flaming maw, are swallowed up, raked over, burned, raked over again, and thrown out reduced to fine ashes. These ashes make a solid, firm filling, readily disposed of in a city which, like Chicago, has large need of material like that. So confident is Mr. Brainard of the serviceable qualities of his crematory that he says he will undertake to clean with it not only the city's alleys, but the streets as well, and that for $250,000 less than the last appropriation for the purpose made by the Common Council.

Of the portable burners the city uses but two of the larger kind, for the burning of garbage and refuse. A third travelling crematory is utilized for the reduction of garbage only. This is smaller than the two others, but constructed on the same principles. There are about a score of still smaller travelling burners that are used for the consumption of waste paper in the streets. This is an excellent idea, and saves not a little expense in the way of cartage. Paper is light and bulky.

The city will build half a dozen of the Brainard crematories for use next summer. The travelling crematories will also be used. M. A. Lane.

THE STATION-HOUSE LODGERS—"DO YOU WANT TO GO 'WAY?"

THE SHOE THAT PINCHES.

BY JULIAN RALPH.—ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERIC REMINGTON.

IT does not need much distortion of either the map of New York or the mind that studies it to perceive a suggestion of a foot in the shape of Manhattan Island—a foot with the heel drawn up at Grand Street and the toe pressed down at the Battery. The true foot is inside a shoe, and every part of the leather of that garment is made up of the poor of the town. They live all around the edge of the map, from the opening at the Harlem River down to the heel and the toe, and back again to the instep and the top. The New York which strangers know—the well-to-do, brilliant, cleanly districts—forms the true foot that is closely enveloped by this thick skin that forms our shoe. At most times the fit of the shoe is easy. The foot is not conscious that it is housed. The shoe does not even creak. To-day this is not the case. The shoe is drawing closer and closer. Something has happened that has shrunk the leather, and it needs oiling and softening. A shoe knows how to call attention to its disorders as well as a child does—as well as we do. It is pinching the tender, sensitive foot that it encloses.

People have pointed out this strange disposition of the population of Manhattan Island before this was written. Croakers have said that in case of riots the people in the brownstone houses would find themselves enclosed and surrounded by the people of the tenements. They have made many men timid—that sort of men who believe that the poor hate the rich, the ragged covet the cloth of the well dressed, that those who toil with the hands are the born enemies of those who labor with their heads. Certain it is that the tenements form a wall of varying thickness all around the island, but the misgivings of the timid have never found justification in anything that has taken place either in the region of the foot or the reaches of this now shrunken leather that surrounds it. Most of us who are New-Yorkers are parts of the shoe and live in this wall of tenements. To be afraid is to fear ourselves; it is to fear our brave policemen, our noble firemen, our letter-carriers, our truck-drivers, the plumbers who enter all houses, our butcher-boys, the sweethearts of our servant-girls—for all these live in the shoe that is just now pinching the foot.

The signs of a tight shoe are darting pains in the foot—telegraphic nerve disturbances that set the flesh a-tingling. They have taken the form of the circulars that the letter-carriers hand in over the heads of the beggars at the area doors, bidding us send money and clothing to this church society, to that business men's relief organization, to such and such a Home. They come in the form of notices in the newspapers to the effect that practical men like the Hon. Seth Low, like the Mayor, like Superintendent Byrnes of the police, are urging every man who has a dollar to give a farthing at least to those who have not got even bread. In a hundred ways—by post, by house-to-house visits, by notices in the newspapers, these nerve shocks are coursing through the pinched foot.

Already the consequence is astonishing. Such a wealth of charity is being dispensed as only New York can be stirred to distribute. So great is the floodgate that has been opened, and so enormous is the yellow current of alms and relief that is pouring through it, that absolute apparent distress is next to impossible to discover on the highways, and there are plenty of folk in town who, because they see no misery straight before them, are now saying that "Manhattan Island is the greatest seat of misapplied charity in the world." A roundsman said those words to me in the Oak Street station the other night. But it happened that into my other ear a patrolman was pouring a tale of a poor woman in the precinct who was to have been put out on the street with her children next day because she could not pay her rent, but who was not going to be evicted because he and the other bluecoats in that station-house had "passed the helmet round" and collected money sufficient to satisfy her landlord and give her a cupboard full of fuel and provisions. I thought that took the venom out of the roundsman's churlish sneer.

But stop! while we are in the Oak Street station let us look around. I never saw such misery as I saw there on that night of last week. And I have been through Whitechapel in London and the slums of fifty cities. I never saw such evident, palpable, horrible distress—such undeserved, blameless, heart-cutting poverty.

The average New-Yorker, who goes up and down Broadway, out of a brownstone street where he lives, with occasional errands that have Sixth and Third avenues as their utmost bounds, does not know Oak Street. In the daytime it is a little jog on the side of Chambers Street—a pocket into which the East River breeze carries loads of dust and whirls them around and whisks them into the corner and drops them. It is in a piece of the city that has not made up its mind what to do for a living, whether to be mercantile, industrial, or residential. The result is a hodgepodge. Some of the tenements are tenements still—honeycombs of beehive homes. Some look like tenements, but are full of mechanics' shops, where engravers and printers and bird-stuffers and umbrella-makers work. There is a great newsboys' Home near by, and a very large cloth-warehouse, and many huge printing and publishing works, curved like bended bows to fit the twisted streets—hoary old alleys that once resounded the tread of British soldiers taking patriot Americans to a Tory prison that was pulled down only the other day, and over the whole region the massive anchorage of the Brooklyn Bridge springs with a series of arches over the house-tops as if it was striding over to Long Island. That is how Oak Street looks by daylight.

At night it is a transplanted bit of London—of the old "City" near London Bridge. It is black and full of deep shadows that are brought out but not diluted by the few yellow lamps that gleam like bits of topaz laid on black velvet. Pearl Street is luminous and busy, and so is Chambers Street. Out of one of these broad thoroughfares you plunge into a pitch-dark alley, at the head of which you see the green serpent-eye lamps of the Oak Street station-house. And just as you do so you see the strangest, saddest sight—a line of "lodgers" waiting to be let into the policemen's camp for a night's rest on the bare boards, with which the metropolis defines the axiom that "the world owes every man a living—food and shelter." You must look hard and more than once to see the line, but when your eyes accustom themselves to the gloom, they take in a picture such as only Gustave Doré ever conceived or drew. Against a dead-brick wall, blending with the darkness and melting into the shadow is a long queue of men standing back to breast in Indian file with hands down and heads down and spirits down, dejected, limp, and tired—human beings like the man who reads and the man who writes this, and yet human beings without a friend, a home, or a dollar, without food or work or any resource such as even a cat or a street sparrow relies upon.

But perhaps they are "bums"—professional lodgers and tramps such as always gather before the station houses, year in and year out—rum-sodden wrecks whom no decent man can feel for except with the emotion of disgust. We shall see. Perhaps this is one of the places where the shoe is pinching hardest.

"You want to see the lodgers, eh?" says a patrolman who is charged with rounding them up like a cowboy among

FROM SUNNY ITALY TO MULBERRY BEND.

cattle. "We'll get the women in first. Here! Come here! You too, over there; don't you hear me? Get a move on ye, yer old beauty!"

He is a stalwart, yellow-haired, pink-faced German, filling his uniform like a sausage in its skin. He dances out into the dark street and yells and moves his arms and gesticulates with great vigor and simulated excitement, laughing to himself all the while, for his face is pushed out at the sides with a grin. There is nothing like having fun and enjoying your business, though it requires long usage to extract joy out of a round-up of night lodgers, I should think.

There had been a few women in sight before the merry policeman began his tumult. There were some girls and

THE LONGSHOREMAN—"NO WORK AND NO MONEY AND NO HOME."

matrons, bareheaded, with well brushed tresses and neat white aprons, standing just below the station—tenement-dwellers—looking on like ourselves. And on the other side of the station-house, across in the black shadow, were two or three more that I had taken to be of the same sort on the same errand. But they were different. At the sound of the policeman's cries they began to sift out of the shadows and to develop and multiply until what had seemed to be two or three proved to be a dozen. They had been sitting in the doorways and standing behind the trucks and hugging the house walls. For some reason they needed to be beaten out of cover like game-birds, but the policeman knew that, and was as willing as a trained collie.

"Here; come over, you! Get in line there. Now, then, this way—you can't get away now. In line with you, every one."

Thus the line was made up against the area railing of the station-house, and proved to be a short tail of women in hoods and shawls—though one had a bonnet and feathers—and beery, swollen faces.

"They're the happiest women in the world," said a policeman who looked on. "Don't waste any sympathy on them. They won't thank you for it. But they will thank you for the price of a drink."

The doorman came up in the green glare of the door lamps and clanked the iron gate open, taking care to stand out of the way of the women as they marched down the stairs, for no good could come of brushing against such foul creatures. The merry German officer looked them over as they passed down, and saluted them as he recognized them.

"Ah, there, Mary Ann," said he; "so you're here agin. Hello, old woman, ain't you dead yet? Steady, there, Daisy; you've got a load on yer, I see. Now, then, gentlemen, we'll get the men down and stand them up in the light where you can get a good look at them. Here, now, you men; come along, now. Be ready, John" (to the doorman), "and collar the soaks as they come along."

Out of the black shadow of the alley, like a great bat's wing, came the head of the line of men across Oak Street to the basement gate of the station-house. The doorman now developed as much activity as the German had shown. He flew at the first man in the line, and catching his shoulders, flung him ten feet away along the pavement.

"Git out of here," said he; "a-a-a-h, give me no talk. I know yer. You was here last night. Git, now, or I'll give yer my foot. And you too; git, now, and don't let me see yer any more."

As his eye rested on each familiar face he leaped at the bearer of it and gave him a knock or a twist that sent him spinning out of the line like a top. "Them's old soaks, that's been here before," said he in explanation, "and we don't take 'em if they're regulars. There's not room enough for them that deserves a lodging."

I suppose those poor devils were the most to be pitied of all the men I saw that day. What under heaven they were to do if the station-house spurned them was indeed a question. But they were spun out of sight and out of mind. Down in the brightly lighted basement of the station-house the German and the doorman lined up the men in a crescent-shaped file with many a curt order to "turn your face this way; let's see your face, man." The manner of the policeman was rough, his tones were sharp; but it was only a manner and a tone. The New York policeman is a professional man. His business is adopted for life, and familiarity with the conditions in which he moves renders him decidedly businesslike. As for the men, those who were jerked out of the line like calves in a cattle-yard, simply hung their heads and shuffled away like calves. Those who were admitted to the station-house and ordered about moved dully and mechanically, as if they were rather helpless than stupid, and had made up their minds to pay that price for a lodging without complaint or resentment.

They were new to such a place. They were not tramps or professional lodgers. Seven in ten were such men as one is used to seeing about the wharves, or carrying dinner pails homeward in the uptown streets at supper-time. They were unskilled laborers, with here and there a man not so easy to place—a countryman, perhaps, or a man from a distant city. They stood with their heads up and their eyes moving, to take in everything around them. The German patrolman began at the head of the line and asked for recruits for the workhouse—a new departure in lodging-room practice.

"Do you want to go 'way?" he asked of each. "Do *you* want to go 'way? Do you want to go 'way?"

How these unfortunates understood him I don't know, for I had to have his meaning explained. The fact was that the Department of Charities and Correction has determined, in order to relieve the distress and the pressure for lodging room, to send to the workhouse on Blackwell's Island all New-Yorkers of several years' residence who have no homes and are willing to leave town for the winter. The strangers are to be sent back to the places they hail from.

"Do you want to go 'way?"

"No, sir."

"Do you want to go 'way?"

"I don't mind." It was a longshoreman who spoke.

"No, sir;" "No, sir;" "No, sir," said others in monotonous succession. Then a second man, who might have long been a truck driver, said he "didn't care." And a third one, a young fellow, answered, "Yes, if you please." There were boys in the line—at least two lads of seventeen or eighteen years—badly off, but yet better placed than if they had ten cents with which to get into the average lodging-house, where thieves are made as if they were factories for turning discouragement and poverty into crime.

"What do you want to go to the Island for?" I asked the man who had been a longshoreman.

"Well, sir, what else can I do?" he replied. "I have no work and no money and no home. I buried my wife five year ago, and I have no children. I've been here twenty-five years, and I understand I can be took care of for the winter—till times is better."

Some one slipped some silver in his hand—for tobacco on the Island.

"There's the hardest case yet," said the German. "Stand out of the line, you."

There stepped out from under the archway where the line ended a bright-faced young French Canadian with thick wavy black hair, with a new blue cloth cap on his head, and a white collar and white shirt, showing an incredible, almost impossible neatness and pride that had no parallel or counterpart elsewhere in that hungry squad. The face had good features. The man was not above twenty-three years of age. He had been at work in the mines in Michigan, but the work had given out. He had paid his way to the East, had reached New York on Thanksgiving day, and ever since that time had been walking from store to store and office to office asking for work. Certainly if there was any work to do such a neat and self respecting, wide awake fellow would get it. He was of the sort that men like to have around them.

"But I could get nothing," said he; "and now I have only a nickel left, and had better go to prison or anywhere that I'll be allowed to go."

"How can we give him help and not have him robbed of it when he's asleep?" the German was asked.

"Take him into a side room and fix him up, and we'll let him out of doors," said the policeman.

The Canadian was taken aside, and money was stuffed in his hand and in his pockets. Tears came in his eyes. He had thought that nobody—not even God—cared whether he starved or went to jail. His speech choked. He was led up stairs to the street door. On the way he thanked every man he passed. Most of them thought his mind was touched, for they knew nothing either of his past discouragement or succeeding good luck. The others who wanted to go to the Island were arraigned before the sergeant at the desk. "Your name?—how old are you?—where was you born?—where do you live?—what do you work at?" mumbled the officer, as he sat, pen in hand, mechanically entering each

THE NIGHT SECTION, OAK STREET STATION

A HAPPY FEMALE LODGER.

record, or "pedigree," as he called it, in the book. Each half-punctuated list of questions ended with, "Search him and take him down." The searching produced only a pen-knife from both men, and both were quickly locked, each in a cell by himself, in the little back prison, where a delirious drunkard woke up now and then and cursed everybody, and fell into a fevered sleep again.

"That little jail is historic," said the German officer; "it's bagged Jack the Ripper and Jack the Slasher and all the other Jacks. The queerest of them was that gentleman's son who had a taste for cutting throats, and used to go around at night looking for drunken men and cutting their wizens. He cut a good many of 'em before we got him. Some he killed and some he bungled at. He did his work as far away as Eldridge Street, though here was where he had the most fun. We used to chase him and shoot at him till he had as many bullets to dodge as an Indian horse-thief, but we never hit him. At last we got him with the blood dripping from his razor. He was dead crazy; lived in a room near here, and only went out at night. He turned out to be a nephew of ——, the millionaire. He's in an asylum now."

On the street, after leaving the station, we met a young politician and lawyer, and chatted with him upon our adventures. He said that the times must be very hard; that even uptown he could see proofs of it all around him. His family butcher had failed, he said; the big factory on the next block had been closed for weeks; and at the fashionable hotel across the street the employés told him that few men came to play billiards in the room that for years had been crowded every night. His office boy had become the only support of a family, and the callers at the office had suddenly grown very numerous, but were beggars instead of clients. "The Charity Organization tells me not to give to any one, but to send all who want help up to their headquarters in Fourth Avenue. I send scores there, but I give nobody anything, and I wonder how the organization gets its money."

It is difficult to say how many persons are out of work and out of money. It has but just occurred to the authorities to do here as was done in Boston recently—to canvass the city and count the needy. But there is little need to know the exact number. It is enough to know that in the greatest manufacturing city in America industry is paralyzed. The greatest American seaport is almost without ships. Not in many years have there been so few here. They have gone elsewhere to get the cargoes which prostrated business withholds from them here. In consequence the longshoremen, the truckmen, the stevedores, the bale-menders, the packers, the gunny-sacking-makers, are out of work. The high-priced restaurants are getting few customers; trade in the shops is very light; overproduction has left the factories fuller of goods than of workmen. The result is that the surplus waiters and mechanics and shop clerks are idle. There is no railroad-building, there is little reconstruction of railways and steamboats, and capitalists are not putting up houses or factories or office buildings. Those things we know, and the rest follows. There is no need to count the noses of the unemployed, and it is of little consequence whether they number 100,000 or 150,000 or 180,000, as different guessers assert. There are not any crowds on the principal streets as there were in Denver, as there are in Chicago. The misery is not measurable by the eye or calculable by observation. This is partly because the police of this city will not permit men to assemble in idleness upon the highways. It is partly because of the opening of the floodgates of charity; though that is a bad word under the circumstances. Relief is the truer and better word. So far as the agencies for relief can find and reach the poor, the good work is going on. Alas! the worst of it is, so the police tell me, that there are very many in the city who will not ask for alms. They never needed help before. They never took a penny or a mouthful that they did not earn.

AN EAST-SIDE POLITICIAN.

A SKETCH IN MULBERRY BEND—THE ITALIAN QUARTER.

Only think of them—the proud poor! Only fancy them literally starving to death, wasting away to illness and gnawing, maddening hunger, turned out of their homes and walking the streets all night. They say there are such. Indeed, I personally know that there are cases almost as bad, though those who have no roof I have but heard of. And in the daily newspapers one reads of families whose income is forty cents a day; in one case a woman was found who for months had been feeding herself, her husband, and her seven children on forty cents a day!

A reporter of my acquaintance did what every man in receipt or in possession of money should set about doing at once. He sent his son to a newsboys' Home to ask for a list of distressed families whose heads were out of work and money. The manager of the Home replied that he knew of hundreds—I think he said a thousand such. He gave the boy two addresses, but only one was visited. It was the tenement home of a cigar-maker who got out of work last July. Latterly he had been taken down with pneumonia, and his wife, who had been doing washing, also failed to find work. Their five children got one meal every day at the Home. How the parents lived, God only knows. The reader, if he were attacked by pneumonia, would believe that his life could only be saved by good nursing, nourishing food, and expert medical aid. The cigar-maker got back to his feet without anything of all this. The reporter's son investigated the case, and leaving half a dollar with the wretched family, hurried home to report to his father. The father at once decided to take care of that family as long and as well as he was able. But twenty-four hours passed before he could collect clothes and all the provisions and comforts he meant to take to the tenement. Knowing that the family had only the half-dollar that the boy had left with them, he feared that they were in desperate need. He said so to them. "Oh no," said the convalescent cigar-maker; "that half-dollar will last us another day or two. There have been so many days on which we have not had one penny that we have learned how to live on very little." From that day to this, the reporter tells me, it has been difficult to get that man and woman to accept money or any other gift. They say they never had to do so before, and they "hate to accept anything." Bread suffices them—and coal to keep the baby warm. "Truly," said my friend, "when I went there on the day before Christmas and heard the children crying for bread instead of for Santa Claus, my own holidays were ruined, and every joyous outburst at home cut deep into my heart."

I mention this case to show the character of a great deal of the poverty that is around us. I mention it also to show what a humane man can do to relieve at least one case of it. I wish I could make it the text for an appeal to every man to do his part in the same way. If there is a reader of this article who fancies that the relief fund is being misapplied, let him withhold his mite and seek out a family that he can satisfy himself to be deserving. Then let him make that family his especial care. Don't be afraid of "pauperizing" anybody. You can't pauperize honest working-people any more than you can turn your friends into thieves by admitting them to your parlor where your bric-à-brac might tempt them to steal.

If we have not counted the noses of the poor we can at least measure the volume of the succor that is pouring out to them—and it is wonderful. Here we see five clergymen, appointed by President Low of Columbia College, conferring with the Mayor to arrange some systematic plan of relief that shall succor thousands. Over in Delancey Street the women of the Society of Ethical Culture have an office whence they give sewing to poor women. The Industrial Christian Alliance has established a Business Men's Relief Committee, which, as I write, has collected six thousand dollars or more, and means to establish five-cent restaurants and other helpful devices all over town. The clergy of one neighborhood are meeting in East Fourth Street to arrange for a five-cent restaurant in that district. The East Side Relief-work Committee is employing men to sweep the streets, so that they may do something, or fancy they are doing something, for their living. This week it has two hundred men earning a dollar a day, and two hundred other men (and women) are employed by this same committee in making shirts and outer clothes for the "cyclone sufferers" in the South Carolina cotton islands. Some of the best-known men in town are giving or raising money for this committee. The Children's Aid Society is employing clothing-makers and then selling what they make at merely nominal prices to other poor. The Jerry McAuley mission is feeding the hungry. The *Herald* is giving out clothing; the *World* is distributing bread. At 170 Bleecker Street, and again at 516 West Twenty-eighth Street, are buildings where idle working-men are housed and employed—in one case being set at work during half of each day to pay for their food and beds, while they hunt for work the rest of each day. The labor unions are at their accustomed work of agitating for legislation that will provide public work for the idle. It is wonderful how pertinaciously they cling to the idea that legislation will reconstruct society, banish poverty, regulate trade and commerce, and hasten the millennium. Doubtless, though, these unions are all giving aid to the dependent men who belong to them. In Grand Street a dime museum has been turned into a storehouse for coal, tea, and bread, which are sold at cost price to all who wish to buy. This is the work of Mr. Nathan Straus, the same resourceful and humane merchant who first established a coal-yard for the sale of coal at cost, getting a wharf free from the city in order to make the cost of the coal as little as possible. He is keeping up his coal-wharf and is selling five pounds of coal for a cent, bread for two and a half cents a loaf, and tea at the rate of six ounces for five cents. Perhaps fifteen thousand persons, certainly ten thousand, are helped daily by this genuine philanthropist in this way, which extends relief without hurt to any man's or woman's self-respect.

But the list is too long, the calculation of the outpour of merciful relief is too complex. The police of the city have given a percentage of their salaries, and the Brooklyn police have given a day's pay, or $8000. The attachés of the New

York County Clerk's office have raised $400; the police justices have promised one half of one per cent. of their absurdly large salaries. One may distrust the politicians or question their motives, but they certainly are as active as all the rest of us. They are giving money, distributing food from the political club-houses, and organizing neighborhood relief machinery under the district leaders in every district.

The result of all this is that as one walks through the crowded parts of the city the different relief agencies are distinguishable because of the crowd that continually collects opposite each one. They are scattered all over the island, and one needs no directory to find them. The crowds make them visible from a distance. Here it is coal that is being sold, there it is free clothing that is being distributed, yonder it is work at shirt-making or street-sweeping that is given out—at each place a crowd collects, and its members are sifted, and relieved if they are worthy.

Turn into Mulberry Bend with me. It is one of the slums—one of the Italian ones. Shoes that are tight pinch most at the toe, and certainly this sardine-box full of mere day-laborers must feel the pain acutely. The sidewalks of Broadway are white and dry, but in the Bend they are wet and slimy. The Belgian blocks of Broadway are clean and brown, but here in the Bend the cobblestones are hidden beneath filth, reeking, black, greasy muck, made up of the débris of the densest population this side of China. The Bend looks natural. It is swarming with Italians, but so it always is. If there is anything new about the crowd it is that it contains more men than common—smooth-faced, black-haired, coal-eyed men in caps and little round coats and corduroy trousers, often the clothes they came to America in, and hope to wear till they get rich and go back to Italy, say in seven years, with five hundred dollars to loaf with under vines and sunshine by the blue Adriatic.

Perhaps there were more of these men than usual among the brown faced women who stood about with gaudy kerchiefs, shining black braids, preposterous ear-rings of gold, and short dresses that showed their brogan boots beneath. Of children there could not possibly be any more. All over our slums—in the Jew quarter, the Dago district, the Bohemian pueblieu (everywhere except in Chinatown), there is a baby for every flagstone. Nowhere do you walk that children are not under your feet. They are like ants at home. Poor little wretches! The mortality among them is said to be more than double that which decimates those in the nicer parts of town. But there is no sign of poverty in the Bend except the general all-pervading sign of the slums.

THE SIDEWALK MARKET, LUDLOW STREET.

Indeed, as the eye takes the towering tenements it takes in Christmas trees on the fire-escapes, and jolly plaster Santa Claus figures, while every here and there is the sign of a "banca" or a "libreria" or a "tipografia"—evidences of the existence of money and the demand for the luxuries of literature and printing. The wine-shops look plain and practical, without the gaudiness of the Anglo-Saxon gin-palace, which you find alike in the Fourth Ward and in Whitechapel.

"Are the people extra poor here?"

You put the question to a bookseller's wife and to a policeman separately. Both reply alike that a very great many Italians are out of work; some are in distress, and many have money laid by. It is true that you cannot see the distress; but there is plenty, even if you can't see it.

Across the Bowery in Orchard, Essex, and Ludlow streets is the slum of the Polish Jew. That is the foulest region on Manhattan Island, or in America. One knows before going there that "Jewtown" and "the Pig-Market" cannot be worse than common. No one can darken a full-blooded Guinea negro, or brighten a bird of paradise, or corrupt a bad egg. It is strange what an education in the higher grades of slumming the peoples of Europe are giving us in New York. It was not so long ago that we went to Greenwich Street and Cherry Street and the Sixth Ward to see the poor Irish, and thought we were getting glimpses of squalor. Then the Chinamen came, and we looked Mott Street over, and thought that foul and dirty—Mott Street, which is now an anteroom of Eden compared with what came after it. Then the Italians came, beginning in Crosby Street, and gradually building up a great colony in Mulberry and other streets. Ah, then, we were certain that we were seeing European squalor, the débris of one of the effete monarchies of Europe. There could not be anything worse, we thought.

Well, the refugee Jews have come, and we know more than we did. The Italians have Christmas trees and earrings and book-stores and banks. During a run on an east-side bank the other day two-thirds of the people in line were Italians. They eat food that any of us might buy and take home, if we were put to it. It is displayed on racks on the sidewalks—red and white sausages, vegetables, bread, cheeses; really it is all presentable and wholesome. Now come to "the Pig-Market" in Ludlow Street, and see the food that is displayed to tempt or to satisfy the Jews! If it is as bad as it looks it is awful. It looks to be largely rotten refuse. They say down there—the neighbors do—that when eggs are too far gone to sell anywhere else they are broken up, poured into tin cans, and sold in a liquid state in this market. They say, also, that spoiled chickens are taken there, split lengthwise and sidewise with a cleaver, and sold at five cents a section, entrails and all. These are not pretty truths, but they need to be known. The meat,

A RUSSIAN JEW.

out-of-door tables and shelves and counters, as coal is heaped in other parts of town. And as for the geese, they are legion. They keep coming into Jewtown in crates by the wagon-load, they stand about in crates on the pavements, they squawk in the cellars, and they squirm in front of you as the men and women lug them into the dwellings.

Paugh! what a filthy place is this Polish-Jew district. Here again the homes are so crowded that the people remind you of a fallen brick wall whose pieces spread all over the ground, and can only be kept within bounds when they are fitted together and piled on high. Such is the case in all these slums. Think of there being more than 300,000 persons living on a square mile, as they do in the Tenth Ward! They can get into the houses only when they lie down at night. In the daytime they squeeze one another out into the streets. Then it appears that since the streets are full the houses must be empty; but it is not so; both are jammed. The pavements are wet with an oozing slimy substance, and in the roadways you must pick your way or go up to your shoe-tops in oily, black, fetid filth. Perhaps the streets are cleaned every day, but one would be willing to wager that it does not happen more than once a year.

The Italians were either merry or silent—laughing, frolicking, singing, or standing about good-humoredly. The Jews are different. They are quarrelsome, complaining, turbulent. We went into Nathan Straus's food-distributing store on Grand Street, and the Jews in there were noisy with frequent quarrels and complaints about the size of the loaves they were buying at cost price. Nobody has a good word for them. They are called anarchistic, are said to busy the police and the magistrates with charges against one another and arrests and street rows. I have declared that no one says a good word for them, yet their co-religionsts, the American Hebrews (so utterly different from the refugees), fairly pour out money for their relief and assistance, knowing their faults as well as we do, but standing by them with a loyalty and generosity that should shame the other races.

These Jews are picturesque. Mr. Remington declares that their district recalled Warsaw to him. As at home, they are heavily bearded, bent, hawk-eyed, and muffled in clothing, but in New York they wear overcoats, and in Warsaw gabardines. They keep their market out-of-doors, and display their goods in four columns—first the shops, then the curbstone carts, then the next line of carts, and the shops of the further pavement. At night, under a myriad smoking and dancing flames from oil-lamps, the market looks weird. The men wear caps, Derby's, and rare old silk hats of a vintage that St. Patrick's day head-gear cannot antedate. The women wear wigs if they are married, being shaven according to the Mosaic rule. The same rules bid them multiply, and the result is that the sidewalks and shops swarm with babies and toddlers, urchins, lads, and girl children.

There is great poverty among the Jews, every one agrees. True it is that a great many are in trade, and a great many come to own houses in a very few years. They surprise the police. "Can you give bail?" they ask of a dirty-looking patriarch. "I haf four houses, vhich vill you take?" he replies. But it is not true that they all barter and refuse to work. On the contrary, they work by the thousand, at the cruel clothing trades, in sweating-shops, in their homes, in the basements and attics and bedrooms. When trade was brisk, they had to work at the prices established by well-fed farmers' daughters, who do sewing merely for pin-money. Now that trade is next to nil, they are desperately poor.

I heard of less poverty in the new Syrian colony near the Battery than anywhere else, but nowhere is it apparent, as I have said, to one who walks the streets. The people who know how deep and wide is the distress are those kindly folk who are dispensing relief for the private and public charitable bodies, the clergy who are making house-to-house rounds, the politicians who are keeping up their close contact with the voters in the tenement wards, the magistrates, the police, and the labor leaders. No one can see the condition of affairs in the tenements, but a hint of what it is can be gotten in the station-houses and the lodging-houses that reach up Chatham Street and the Bowery, and into Pearl and other streets. These wretched roosts for men are pretty well crowded, though they have a capacity for nearly 20,000 men, and a tour of them develops the fact that into the town is pouring a stream of earnest but distressed men, who come either because of the fame of our charities or because they have looked for work everywhere else without finding it.

A THIEF IN THE NIGHT.

BY TUDOR JENKS.

MISS ABIGAIL sat straight upright in bed. It was too dark to see anything, but she listened with all the intentness of a maiden lady's midnight ears.

She *had* heard something.

The noise was repeated. It was the sharp icy crackling made by a diamond cutting glass.

Miss Abigail softly slid from the bed, and felt noiselessly about with her bare feet until she touched her quilted and beribboned bedroom slippers. Leaning forward, she put them on, and reached out to the foot of the bed for her dressing-robe. Just as her hand touched its fleecy texture a sharp brittle crack warned her to lose no time. She put on the robe and knotted its silk cord in front, listening keenly meanwhile for what she knew would be the next sound in the long-expected and often-rehearsed series.

A muffled scraping assured her that the burglar, having removed the pane of glass, was pushing back the window-catch.

"I must make haste!" whispered Miss Abigail.

Stepping with catlike silence across the room, she opened the top drawer of her bureau, and laid her hand upon the revolver in the front right-hand corner. Then from behind a portrait of the Admiral, her father, she drew forth a small dark-lantern. Meanwhile her quickened hearing followed the whole process of raising the window, though it was on the floor below. Two deadened thumps, barely distinguishable at that distance, called out a whispered comment from the lady:

"Awkward boor!—he jumped in!"

With a sulphur match she lighted the lantern, saw that it burned freely, and then softly drew the slide. The light, that had shown brightly for but an instant, became condensed into a single bright ray as she closed the front of the lantern, and disappeared totally when the slide was drawn.

Miss Abigail then retired to the side of her room furthest from the door, and seated herself in a favorite rocking-chair. She faced the door and waited. Cautious footsteps brushed to and fro upon the floor downstairs.

"He must think I'm a fool if he expects to find the silver downstairs!" remarked Miss Abigail, under her breath. She was becoming impatient; inaction was a nervous state to her. Presently her brows relaxed in the darkness. She heard the burglar coming up stairs. He paused at her door; she heard him breathing. Then she felt a cold draught about her ankles. He had opened the door.

"That," Miss Abigail reflected, "shows that he has prepared a way of escape downstairs. The cold draught shows that beyond a doubt." A sniffing sound gave her another thought. "He smells the tin of my lantern—and its odor certainly *is* not pleasant!" she admitted to herself. "But it's no time to be fussy. Here goes!" Then, snapping back the lantern slide and levelling the revolver, Miss Abigail said, sharply,

"Put up your hands!"

She had pointed lantern rays and revolver at the foot of the bed, and her judgment had been correct. Lighted as by a calcium ray, there stood within the illumined circle a sallow thin man, closely buttoned into a frock-coat, which (as Miss Abigail noted even then) was very shiny, and lacked two buttons. His hands hung at his sides, and his mouth was wide open. His jaw had dropped.

"Put up your hands!"

The repeated command brought him to his senses.

"Well, I'm d—"

"Don't you swear; and *put up your hands!*—or I'll blow your brains out," added Miss Abigail, so coolly that the man's hands went up.

"She's a regular—" the man began, but was interrupted.

"Hush!" said Miss Abigail. "I will do the talking just now. Go sit down. There's a chair back of you; but *keep your hands up.*"

The man backed slowly until he struck a chair with his heels. He looked around to make certain of its position, and then sat down.

Miss Abigail had kept both lantern and revolver accurately ranged upon the moving figure. The burglar had not been unmindful of this, as his next question showed.

"Beg pard'n, m'm—" he began, softly, and waited to see whether he might go on.

"Yes?"

"But are you Miss Oakley?"

"Miss who?"

"Miss Oakley, m'm—that shoots in the Wild West, m'm—Buffalo Bill's, m'm?"

Miss Abigail was not above taking a suggestion from the enemy. "Then you've seen me shoot?" she inquired, easily.

"Oh, yes, 'm," said the burglar. "I seen you bustin' glass balls only a month ago. And it was done beautiful. I didn't know it was your house, 'm. Indeed I didn't, or I wouldn't 'a' dared—"

"*Put up your hands!*"

"Oh, yes, 'm! I forgot; truly I did, Miss Oakley—if you *are* Miss Oakley."

"What weapons have you?" asked Miss Abigail.

"I've got a bull-dog in my pocket."

"A bull-dog!"

"Yes, 'm—a bull-dog revolver, m'm."

"Oh! Well, now I'm going to step around behind you. Then you get up when I tell you, and march over to the wall, and stand there. Don't you look around."

"No, 'm. I know when I'm beat. I ain't goin' to give no trouble, only I'd like to tell you how I come here."

"All in good time," said Miss Abigail, serenely, as she took a wide circle and came behind her prisoner, keeping him well covered. "Now get up and march."

The burglar rose, still with his arms extended, and marched slowly to the wall.

"Next, you may fold your arms," said his captor.

"All right, 'm. I've done it often," remarked the burglar. "It's the reg'lar penitentiary racket."

"I know it," said Miss Abigail. "That is what I've heard."

As the burglar folded his arms, Miss Abigail touched an electric button, and its quivering tinkle was heard coming from the upper floor.

"My maid will be down in a few minutes," said Miss Abigail, seating herself in the chair the burglar had left. "Meanwhile we must wait. Is there anything you wish to say to me?"

"Only to explain how it came that I thought of helpin' myself to your silver," the burglar remarked, without moving. "The fact is, I'm pretty well broke."

"Why don't you get some honest work to do?"

"Don't like it," said the burglar, very frankly. "Never could stand bein' bossed round by another man. I don't mind a lady's doin' it—specially when she's handy with a revolver."

"No nonsense now," said Miss Abigail, with dignity.

"Beg pard'n, m'm; no offence, I hope. I only meant to say that I took to burglary because I enjoy it. I'm not one of the snivelling kind, anyhow. I'm a burglar, and I'm proud of it."

"You haven't much to be proud of to-night," said Miss Abigail, sharply.

"Oh, the night's not over yet," said the burglar, easily. "I've got out o' worse fixes than this."

Miss Abigail began to be a little uneasy.

"I won't have any nonsense," she said, abruptly.

"Don't be disturbed," said the burglar, reassuringly. "I won't hurt you!"

"I should think not!" responded Miss Abigail, indignantly.

"But I mean to get out of this scrape," said the burglar. "I don't mean to do anything that will bring me into the electricity chair, mum; but I'm goin' to get away."

Miss Abigail said no more, but she became impatient for the appearance of the maid. She rang the bell again.

Footsteps came along the hall, and there was a knock at the door.

"Come in!" said Miss Abigail, in a tone of great relief.

The maid entered, and for a moment stood speechless surveying the group of two—the man facing the wall, and Miss Abigail sitting on guard with lantern and revolver.

"Lucinda," said Miss Abigail, "light the gas."

"But—" the maid began.

"Light the gas," repeated her mistress.

Lucinda found a match, and in a moment more the rays of the lantern were lost in the general illumination.

"Now," said Miss Abigail, "this man is a robber—a burglar."

"Oh!" shrieked the maid.

"Don't be silly!" said Miss Abigail, impatiently; "but listen. He has a revolver in his right-hand pocket."

"If you please, 'm," remarked the burglar, "can't you let me give you the revolver. My arms are so stiff that I—"

"Silence!" broke in his captor. "That will come in good time. As I said, Lucinda, he has a revolver, and we must get it. You go over and take it out of his pocket, and if he moves I'll—make him wish he hadn't."

"Miss Abigail, I'd like to oblige you," the maid protested earnestly, "but I don't dare. I don't—really and truly!"

"Well, then," said Miss Abigail, impatiently, "what good are you? I can't keep the man here all night. Suppose you take the revolver, then, and *I'll* disarm him."

"If I might make a suggestion," the burglar remarked, with deference, "I would say—"

"Hush!" said Miss Abigail, sharply. "Do you think, Lucinda, you could hit him with the revolver?"

"No, ma'am," said Lucinda. "I *know* I couldn't. Why, I'm shaking all over! I couldn't hit anything—even if I knew how to fire the gun—and I don't. Sha'n't I go for an officer?"

"You know, Lucinda," said Miss Abigail, scornfully, "that there isn't a policeman within five miles. The burglar knows it too, I'll warrant."

"Yes, 'm," the burglar murmured. And then he went on, hastily, "I was goin' to suggest—please don't stop me, 'm—that I have no objection to giving up the bull-dog—"

"Bull-dog!" Lucinda exclaimed.

"Only my pistol, miss," the burglar went on. "I have reasons for wantin' to get rid of it. Now if you'll let me unfold my arms a minute I'll put my coat on the floor, and the young lady—I mean Miss Lucinda, m'm—she can pick it up. Have I your consent, m'm?"

"Yes," said Miss Abigail, after a short pause. She didn't see any way out of the difficulty without some risk.

Very slowly, and like a conjurer who demonstrates that all is to be fair and above-board, the burglar relaxed his arms, took his coat by the lapels, and drew it off. He then allowed it to fall to the floor. The revolver proved its presence by a heavy thud as it reached the ground. The burglar then resumed his former position, with folded arms.

"Go and get the coat, Lucinda," said Miss Abigail.

Lucinda summoned all her courage, made a short rush across the room, snatched the coat, and scurried back. She dropped the coat at Miss Abigail's feet.

"Is that your only weapon?" asked Miss Abigail.

"Yes, 'm," said the burglar. "I don't mean to give you any trouble at all. I know when a man—or a lady—gets the drop on me. Now, mum, if you'll kindly take the bull-dog out of my pocket, I'd rather put on my coat again."

"Lucinda, take the revolver out of the coat," Miss Abigail said.

"But I'm afraid to touch it," Lucinda said, timorously.

"Nonsense!" said her mistress; "hand the coat to me."

Lucinda lifted the coat, and Miss Abigail removed the revolver from the pocket, laying it upon a small table at her side. Then she threw the coat across the room, and the burglar stooped, picked it up, and proceeded to put it on.

"Now, mum," he said, moving slowly around to face Miss Abigail, "I haven't any weapons, and you've got the best of me. If you'll kindly lower the point of your gun, I'll say a few words to you before I go."

He leaned easily against the wall, putting his hands into his trousers pockets.

Miss Abigail eyed him for a few seconds, and then slowly lowered her revolver. She still kept it ready for use, however.

"Are you a coward?" Miss Abigail asked, suddenly. "Why did you give up your pistol so readily?"

"If you won't get mad," said the burglar, smiling, "I'll tell you."

"I can keep my temper," said Miss Abigail, with some reserve. "Proceed."

"It's like this," said the man. "You see, you're a woman. A very spirited kind of a woman—but still a woman. Now, women are queer. They are always afraid of guns."

Miss Abigail straightened herself.

"I don't wish to offend you, you know, but it's a fact," the burglar went on. "I've been knockin' round the world quite a piece, and women are always afraid of guns. That's why I called you Miss Oakley. It was to kind of give you confidence, and make you think I was scared. See? Then I knew you wouldn't be taking a shot at me before you thought. I gave up my bull-dog so's you wouldn't be scared. I wanted you to have plenty of confidence. You see, I'm an old hand at this business. And I'll take a chair if you don't mind."

Before Miss Abigail could collect herself he had drawn up a chair and seated himself.

"Sit down, Lucinda," he remarked.

Miss Abigail gasped, but Lucinda docilely seated herself on the edge of Miss Abigail's bed.

"I had a pal once," said the burglar, apparently quite at his ease, "who got shot by scarin' a lady like you. She had a gun—just as you have—and plenty o' nerve—same as you. And instead of puttin' up his hands, as the lady requested him (in words to that effect; she hadn't it quite so pat as you, 'm), he tried to draw his gun. Well, o' course she pinked him."

"Pinked him?" inquired Miss Abigail.

"Yes, 'm; through the lung. I got him away while the lady was faintin', but he never recovered. He became a gardener or somethin', and died of it."

"But—" began Miss Abigail.

"Just a moment more and I'll go," said the burglar. "You see, he didn't know how a woman with a gun should be treated. Now *my* way is like I've shown you. If the lady gets the drop on you, put up your hands. Make her think you're scared. Give her all the rope she'll take, until she is quiet and cool—just as you are now, mum. Then when you're certain she's quiet and not a bit scared—why, then you know she hasn't the heart to fire a gun at a live man, even if he is a professional. So now, mum, being sure you don't mean to murder a man in cold blood when all he wants is to get quietly out of the way, I'll bid you a very pleasant—good-night."

And at the word the burglar rose, and sauntered coolly across the room toward the two women. Miss Abigail raised her revolver from her lap, but the burglar only smiled at her and paused. The revolver dropped again.

With a nod the burglar went to the door, opened it, passed through, closed the door again, and then ran down the stairs as fast as his feet would carry him.

The women remained speechless until they heard the front door close. Then Lucinda said,

"Why, he's forgotten his revolver!"

"You—gump!" said Miss Abigail. "Why didn't you show some spirit?"

"What could I do?" Lucinda said, beginning to cry.

"There, there!" remarked Miss Abigail. "I'm glad he's gone. I didn't know what in the world to do with him, and he knew I didn't, the rascal! Oh, who would be a woman?"

THE LARGEST FIRE-ENGINE.

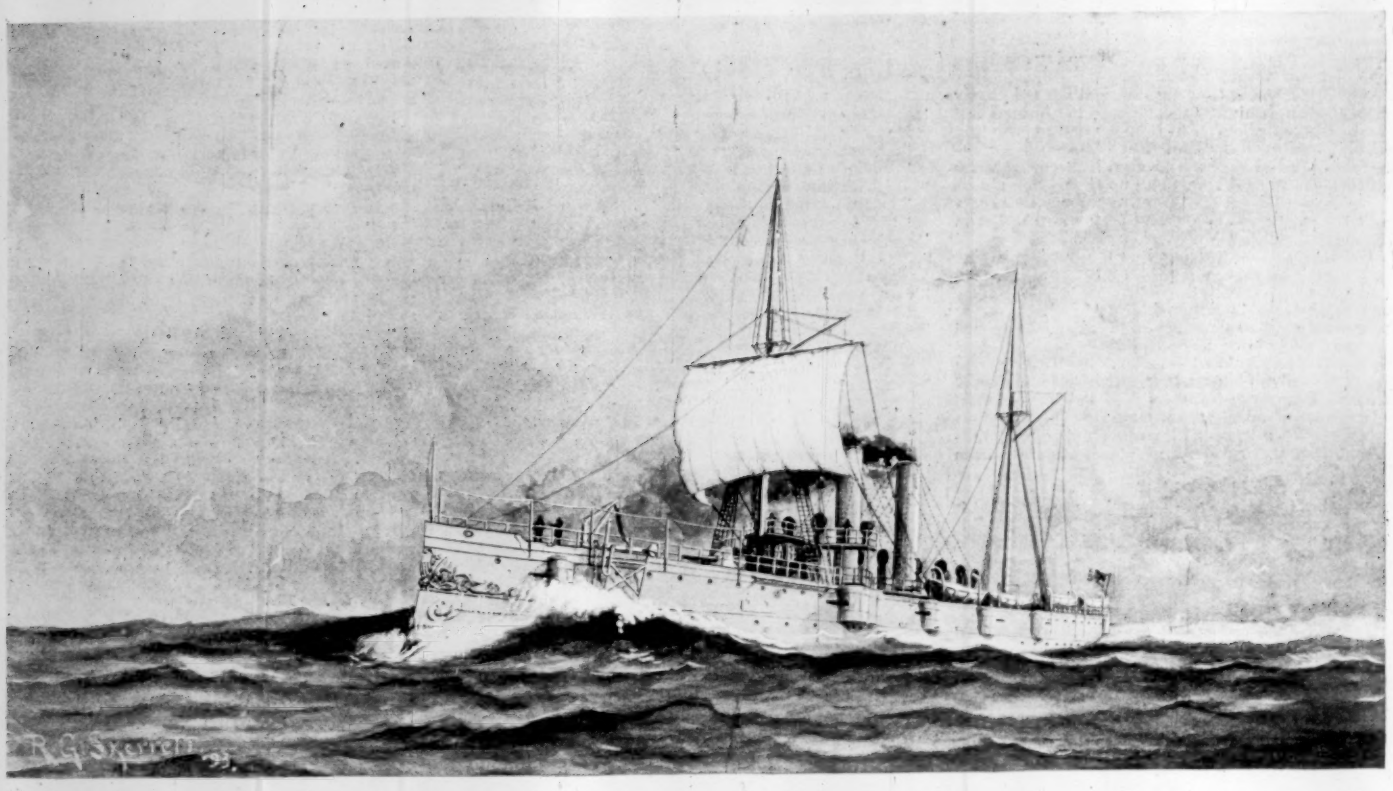
THE subject of this sketch, the largest and most powerful locomotive steam fire-engine in the world, is owned by the city of Hartford, Connecticut, and is of the Amoskeag type. The name with which she has been christened, "Jumbo," is one to which her dimensions well entitle her. Over ten feet high and seventeen long, she weighs eight and one-half tons, and can throw 1350 gallons of water per minute. Her boiler contains 301 copper tubes.

This engine at her first trial threw, through fifty feet of hose three and one-half inches in diameter, a horizontal

stream of water a distance of 348 feet, and threw two streams, each as large as that thrown by an ordinary fire-engine, a distance of over 300 feet. The size of this leviathan is better appreciated when we think that a common horse-draught engine only weighs about 6000 pounds, and has a capacity of only 500 or 600 gallons per minute.

The road driving power of the engine is applied through two endless chains running over sprocket wheels on each of the main rear wheels, permitting these wheels to be driven at varying speeds when turning corners. The engine may be run either forward or backward, and can be stopped inside of fifty feet when running at full speed.

When in the house the boiler is connected with steam-pipes from a heater in the basement, and steam is always kept up to about ninety-five pounds, which would run her about a quarter of a mile. The fire-box is kept full of material ready for lighting, and a steel arm under the engine carries a quantity of waste saturated with kerosene oil, in close proximity to a card of matches in a holder under a scratcher, the latter being attached to a cord tied to a ring in the floor. At an alarm of fire the steam-pipes are disconnected, the throttle opened, and before the engine has moved six inches the cord pulls the scratcher, and the rod carrying the blazing waste swings around under the fire-box, igniting the shavings and wood. Cannel-coal is burned, and steam enough can be generated in two minutes to run the engine at a speed of thirty-one miles an hour.



THE UNITED STATES STEAMSHIP "MONTGOMERY."—Drawn by Robert G. Skerrett.

THE "MONTGOMERY."

In size, of course, the cruiser differs materially from the battle-ship; but in the characteristics of modernity and the features of progress and great power within its scope the smaller craft is of equal interest.

Congress makes appropriation for the construction of vessels, and describes loosely their type, speed, approximate tonnage displacement, and limit of cost, but upon the genius of the Navy Department falls the task of making the most of that allowance, and combining as many effective qualities within those bounds as the skill of the naval architect and the marine engineer can devise; and in the *Montgomery* the result is decidedly praiseworthy.

This vessel, like her sister ships the *Detroit* and *Marblehead*, is an example of the simple coal-protected cruiser type; *i.e.*, her coal supply is so disposed around her motive power and magazines as to afford considerable protection to those parts from gun-fire. Over the boilers and engines, and, in fact, throughout the entire length of the vessel, there is a light water-tight deck. This deck is intended to preserve the vessel's buoyancy rather than to afford any defensive

bulwark to the region below. Should the sides adjacent to the water-line be injured, the coal stored there in the bunkers would limit the admission of water, while the water-tight deck would preclude flooding of the compartments beneath.

The *Montgomery* is built of steel, has triple-expansion engines, each in a separate compartment, actuating twin screws, and is schooner rigged, with sufficient sail-power to add to her steadiness in a seaway. She is required to maintain a contract speed of seventeen knots an hour for four consecutive hours on trial; but should she equal the performance of the *Detroit* she will run over eighteen knots, and remunerate her builders handsomely.

Her principal dimensions are, length on load water-line, 257 feet; breadth, extreme, 37 feet; mean draught, 14 feet 6 inches; indicated horse-power (contract), 5400; displacement, 2000 tons.

Her offensive powers will be concentrated in a main battery consisting of eight 5-inch rapid-fire guns and two 6-inch rapid-fire guns; a secondary battery of six 6-pounders, two 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, and two Gatling guns; while there is provision forward for three torpedo-launching apparatuses—one in the stem for the Howell automobile, and two, one on either side, on the main-deck, for the Whitehead torpedoes. All of the guns are of the rapid-fire type, using "fixed ammunition," as shown in the accompanying sketch, by which means great celerity of discharge is obtained. What this vessel loses in defensive properties she equals by the great effectiveness of her batteries; and many a larger, heavier-protected craft would stand but a poor chance against this active ship. Her individual hits may be less dangerous considered singly, but their comparative lightness is amply augmented by their frequency.

Upon her full bunker capacity of 435 tons of coal she will be able to steam 8952 knots at a ten-knot speed; while at eighteen knots an hour she will be able to cover 1624 knots in 3.76 days.

Being of comparatively light draught, the *Montgomery* would be an effective blockader or a valuable ship in the shallow waters of China.

The ship is lighted by electricity, ventilated below the spar-deck by an exhaust system, and has ample refrigerating and distilling plants, by which ice can be made, provender preserved, and potable water provided for the officers and crew, and in every convenient direction steam-power has superseded manual labor. Compactness, strength, quickness of motion and gun-fire, and extensive range of action are the distinguishing features of this vessel; and in these respects, tonnage displacement and type considered, she is unequalled by anything abroad.

In the *Montgomery* the Columbian Iron-Works, of Baltimore, will contribute their third vessel to our new navy—the gunboat *Petrel* being the first—and the enviable record established by their first craft has been more than sustained in the *Detroit* and *Montgomery*.

The contract price was $612,500, which may be augmented by the generous bonus of $150,000 should her contract trial speed equal that of the *Detroit*.

R. G. S.

THE OPERA SEASON.

The old-fashioned star system in Italian opera has developed a new phase in our time. A few years ago it was the custom to offer for public consideration operatic performances in which one great soprano or tenor appeared, surrounded by a lot of inferior singers. With the advent of German opera a new system was introduced to the American public. Operas were presented with casts in which the merit was equally distributed, though perhaps in no one particular instance did it rise to the level which had been attained under the older plan. The German opera was conducted on principles similar to those which governed a first-class theatrical-stock company. When the directors of the Metropolitan Opera-house became weary of the severe demands upon their attention made by the seriousness of the German school, and decided to reinstate what is commonly called Italian opera, they naturally turned to the gentlemen who had offered them such excellent entertainment in the first season of their house. But Messrs. Abbey and Grau, though they had perhaps given no close study to the system or the influence of the German opera, seemed to realize that public taste had developed since they had previously held the reins of management. Consequently, in organizing their company for the present season, it was their aim to get together a strong assembly of famous singers, and to present them not one at a time, but in attractive groups. From a manager's stand-point the success of this plan has fully justified its adoption. The strong casts, singing in the best operas, have drawn the largest houses; and it is probable that the managers, whose courage and enterprise have become proverbial, will find the pecuniary results of their season satisfactory.

Messrs. Henry E. Abbey and Maurice Grau are known the world over as the boldest of amusement managers. The first season of the Metropolitan Opera-house, which began in the fall of 1883, was the beginning of Mr. Abbey's experience as an opera-manager; but Mr. Grau has had a long training in this business. For reasons which it is unnecessary to discuss now, that first season was pecuniarily disastrous. Messrs. Abbey and Grau lost a quarter of a million of dollars. Perhaps there is no brighter record in their career than that of their payment of this immense sum at the rate of 100 cents on the dollar. It required several years of struggle and uphill labor to discharge the indebtedness; but there was no attempt made to compromise with the creditors. In company with the third partner of the firm, Mr. John B. Schoeffel, these two well-known managers have treated the American public to some of the most artistic entertainments it has ever known. They brought Madame Patti back to us after years of absence; they brought us Bernhardt, Irving and Terry, Coquelin and Hading. Not satisfied, however, with success in strictly theatrical forms of entertainment, these gentlemen determined to succeed in the field in which they had once failed; and for the admirable artists whom they have introduced to the New York public they deserve hearty and general thanks. It required courage to engage such an expensive company; and it demands constant exercise of keen discrimination to employ its members advantageously. The mistakes of operatic managers are visited upon their heads without mercy by the public. On the other hand, good judgment is richly rewarded.

The individual successes of the leading artists in the present company have been so pronounced that the judgment of the managers in engaging them has been fully justified. To be sure, not all of them were new to this public, but the additions to the company are already as old friends. In respect of pure vocal excellence the star of the company is Madame Melba. She is of English descent, and is Australian by birth. Like the other two leading sopranos of the company, she learned the art of singing from Madame Marchesi, the famous Parisian teacher. Her operatic career dates back about ten years, and she has sung with success in the leading opera-houses of Europe. Stories of her remarkable accomplishments began to drift across the ocean to this country five or six years ago; but it was not until her brilliant triumph in London last year that Messrs. Abbey and Grau decided to ask her to come to America. She made her first appearance at the Metropolitan Opera-house on December 4th, in *Lucia*, and the next day all the newspapers were singing her praises. Madame Melba is a lyric soprano who makes but little account of acting. She depends wholly upon the charms of her voice and her delivery for her attractiveness. The voice itself is one of the finest that has ever been heard on the operatic stage. It is marvellously sweet, extraordinarily powerful, and wide in compass. In smoothness and in quality throughout the extent of its range it has not been surpassed by any voice within my recollection. In the production of it, in phrasing, and in the execution of all the brilliant ornaments known to singers, Madame Melba displays an art which is perfection, and which commands only unqualified admiration.

Madame Calvé is the dramatic soprano of the company. She is a French woman, and has been singing in opera about ten years. It is only since the advent of the young school of Italian opera of which Mascagni is the most familiar exponent that her fame has become widespread. She was selected by Sonzogno, the composer's publisher and manager, to sing the part of Santuzza in *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and in it she made her first appearance here. Her

MADAME MELBA.

EMMA CALVÉ.
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voice, while not a great one, is equal to the demands of her parts. Thus far she has been heard in but four rôles; but she has fully demonstrated her right to be called one of the greatest dramatic sopranos. She uses her voice not simply for the sake of vocal effect, but as a medium for the expression of emotion. Her method of performance is based on the Wagnerian theory —obviously the true one—that the opera is a drama expressed in music. Her first and last purpose is to impersonate a character, and to this end she directs her vocal art and all her action and facial expression. She has uncommonly fine gifts as an actress, and she has developed them by close study. Her remarkable success in *Carmen* is due to her ability to create a strong dramatic illusion with the means employed in the operatic art.

Madame Emma Eames, the American singer of the company, is already so well known to music-lovers that only a few words need be said about her. Some excellent judges think she has a better voice than either of the ladies already mentioned. It certainly has a quality which gives it a strong individual character. Madame Eames has a fine command of the art of singing, and a dignified and refined manner which is unfailingly attractive. Her singing has undoubtedly gained somewhat in breadth of style and expressiveness since she was here before. Certainly she never did anything in her first season in New York to equal her broad and sustained singing of her part in the quintet in *Die Meistersinger*, in which she was heard for the first time on Monday, January 8th.

The Messrs. Jean and Édouard de Reszke may also be called old friends, because they firmly established their popularity two years ago. Both are masters of the art of singing, and are uncommonly good actors for opera-singers. M. Jean de Reszke has this season revealed a dramatic power in his Don José probably unsuspected by those who failed to recall his superb performance of John of Leyden in *The Prophet*. He seems, moreover, to have gained in the fulness and power of his rich upper notes, without which a tenor must always disappoint the most easily pleased part of the public. M. Édouard de Reszke is the same majestic and powerful basso he was two years ago. He has no superior on the operatic stage to-day. These two Polish artists are confirmed favorites with this public, and they well deserve their great popularity. M. Jean Lassalle, the barytone, completes this sextet of great artists. French by birth and by training, he has all the elegance of style that belongs to the Parisian stage. He is admirable in a wide range of parts, and has a delightful way of rising to the level of the requirements of the most dramatic rôles, such as Telramund in *Lohengrin*. His voice has been in excellent condition this season, and his singing truer than it was before. He and the two De Reszkes make a trio of men, imposing physically and artistically, whose equals cannot be found to-day.

Messrs. Abbey and Grau have thus far produced no novelties, but they have striven to delight the public by offering excellent works already well known, with strong combinations, including the artists spoken of, and other acceptable singers in the company. The public has shown a decided preference for those operas which are best entitled to the name of music drama. Doubtless in outlining their programme for the rest of the season the managers will be guided by this manifestation of public taste. With such a splendid array of artists as they have under their command, with such a fine orchestra, and such a masterly conductor as Signor Mancinelli, there is nothing too great for them to attempt, and their past history proves that their courage is equal to any undertaking.

W. J. HENDERSON.

EMMA EAMES.
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EDOUARD DE RESZKE.

JEAN LASSALLE.

JEAN DE RESZKE.

HAPGOOD AND CO-OPERATION.

A CHIP OF HISTORY.

It was in the spring of 1879, or possibly it may have been a year earlier, that the Progress Co-operative Brotherhood was established in Bon Homme County, Dakota. It was composed of something like a hundred persons from different parts of the East, all of whom had been readers of a weekly paper published in Boston, called *The March of Progress*, a mildly socialistic sheet which proclaimed the general equality of man, and advocated a community of land and chattels as the remedy for all social evils. It frequently remarked in large type, "Down with the robber rich!" and often brought forward as a corollary to this, "Up with the prostrate poor!" and usually neatly rounded off the editorial, and left the subject in a shipshape condition by observing, "Now is the time to subscribe."

It was before Mr. Bellamy had Looked Backward, but *The March of Progress* seems to have had many of his notions concerning social evils and the remedies therefor.

Bon Homme County is on the Missouri River, a little way up from the town of Yankton. At this time the country was new, there being no railroad near, nor were there any other settlers in the vicinity. The absence of the former rather pleased the Brotherhood people, however, as railroads were looked upon in the light of long iron tentacles reaching out from a hideous great devil-fish in New York named Wall Street. So the Brotherhood came up the Missouri River from Sioux City on a steamboat which had no tentacles, being more in the nature of an independent shark.

Affairs went on smoothly for some time. All property was, of course, held in common, and each night every man received one day's work certificate. Everything was reckoned by day's work certificates, money only coming into evidence when dealing with outside barbarians who had not yet seen the New Light. Day's work certificates were, however, redeemable at the rate of $1 apiece from any money which might be in the treasury, and it was confidently hoped that there might be plenty of this in the course of time. Some members of the Brotherhood felt hurt when they discovered that the editor of *The March of Progress* insisted on having for subscriptions the cash of the robber rich as used in Wall Street instead of day's work certificates, but the matter was hushed up.

One day in July a stranger appeared, and after looking about a little went into the Brotherhood store and began to make some inquiries concerning the organization. He said that his ear had caught the Tramp of Progress, and that he was anxious to get into step. He was a tall and powerfully built man with remarkably broad shoulders, long arms, and big bony hands. His clothes were shabby, but it was plain that he was not a vagrant. After having the aim and methods of the Brotherhood explained to him, he expressed his desire to join it, and get away from a grasping world where some men were paid higher wages than others. One of the Committee on Admissions told him that he would have to produce some references as to his character. This seemed to hurt him, and he replied in effect, Was he not a Man and Brother? To this the committee answered that he appeared to be, but that there were men and brothers that they didn't want in their community.

"How do we know that you may not belong to the capitalistic press?" asked the committee.

"Do I look it?" inquired the stranger, as he gazed along down the jungle of rags which enclosed his frame.

"You may be one of its hirelings," returned the committee.

The upshot of it was that the man left his baggage, consisting of a shirt and one stocking tied up in a bandanna handkerchief, and walked away across the prairie after the required references.

In about a week he returned with letters from the Governor of Iowa, a member of the Supreme Court of Nebraska, a Minnesota Congressman, and various other dignitaries, all speaking highly of him. Some thought that there was rather too much resemblance between the handwriting of the various letters, but it was decided that this was too trivial a matter to stand out about, and the man was taken in, of course on an exact equality with the others.

The new man gave his name as Peter Hapgood, and soon settled down to work. He was generally voted an eccentric sort of a fellow, and one with whom it was difficult to become intimate. He seemed thoughtful and much given to examining the horizon and making calculations on his bootlegs with a piece of chalk, hastily erasing the figures if approached. His personal aspect remained about the same. He always wore the appearance of having had his beard singed off rather than shaved, and it was the popular belief that he caused a miniature prairie fire to run over his face every Sunday morning. At the table he seldom spoke, but leaned far over it and set little stacks of food into his mouth in much the same manner that one would set a stack of dishes into a dumb-waiter. Not much attention was paid to these little peculiarities, nor, indeed, to the man himself, till one day in the fall when he had a misunderstanding with William Hyde, chairman of the Board of Managers, and generally looked upon as the leader of the colony, if there can be a leader where all are equal.

The trouble was brought about by a political argument. Hyde said the government ought to issue four hundred millions of greenbacks without delay to make money easy. Hapgood answered that any darned fool ought to know that two hundred millions would be sufficient. Hyde replied that he knew of one darned fool that didn't know anything of the kind. Hapgood's lip curled with scorn as he said that he was sorry to say that he knew one too. Of course peace with honor was only possible through fighting.

Now it happened that the constitution of the Progress Co-operative Brotherhood prohibited all quarrelling and fighting, and in the contract which every member had signed when he joined he agreed to do everything in his power to stop any trouble which might occur in the colony. But when Hyde and Hapgood rose and faced each other they all forgot this agreement, and formed a ring and encouraged the combatants with loud shouts. The engagement lasted ten minutes; it probably would have been longer had not Hyde at the end of this time found himself in a bent and disjointed condition, able only to lie on his back, wave his arms, and roar lustily. Hapgood was unharmed, and after offering to give a similar lesson in political economy to any man wanting it, and getting no reply, walked off. The others held a public meeting, and passed resolutions pointing with pride to the peaceful tone of the Brotherhood, and viewing with alarm the recent occurrence.

Affairs ran on quietly enough for the rest of the season, though it was generally conceded that William Hyde was not a proper man for chairman of the Board of Managers. Some talk of Hapgood for the place was heard, but the election was still in the future. Winter closed down early, and after a considerable snow-storm there was a thaw, which was succeeded by extremely cold weather, which made the roads icy and slippery. Cord-wood was selling for twelve dollars a cord at Yankton, forty miles distant, and there being considerable timber along Choteau Creek, the Brotherhood wished to send as much wood as possible to market. But there was a difficulty in the way. The colony was provided with oxen only, no horses; and the icy condition of the roads made it necessary that they be shod. Now it happened that though there were two or three horseshoers among the Brotherhood, there was no one, so far as it was known, who could shoe oxen. This may seem strange to the reader who is not an ox owner, as no doubt some readers are not, but the fact is that the shoeing of the patient ox is a delicate matter. In the first place, an ox can never be taught to stand still like a horse while the shoes are being applied, but must be put in an immense sort of vise; in fact, before the ox can be shod he must, to all intents and purposes, be put into dry-dock. If this is neglected, and the wrong-headed animal is not securely fastened, the blacksmith will find himself kicked into splinters. Further, the foot of the ox being cloven, the shoe has to be made in two pieces, and of a peculiar shape, and applied in a particular manner.

The prospect was certainly gloomy. Wood twelve dollars a cord at Yankton, roads like a skating-rink, and oxen unable to skate, though better prepared for it than for walking. At this juncture Peter Hapgood arose and casually observed that he had shod more oxen than the whole Brotherhood could shake a stick at. This intelligence was received with shouts of gladness. But the next moment they were turned to moans of consternation. "I cannot," said Peter Hapgood, "do skilled work like that, requirin' brains, for one certifkit a day. The least I will work for is ten certifkits."

At first the Brotherhood was speechless, then all the members talked at once. The matter was discussed for the better part of a day. Hapgood was appealed to in vain. All talk of equality of man, eternal justice, the Tramp of Progress, and the Prostrate Poor, made not the slightest impression on him. He simply folded his arms and replied:

"You bushwhackers ignore the great law of supply an' demand. With forty ox-shoers an' one ox a certifkit would prob'ly be all O. K., but with forty oxen an' one shoer the price naterally takes a jump. Ten certifkits or you don't see old Peter Hapgood hangin' on to the leg of no ox."

Of course there could be but one outcome of the matter. The constitution was stretched and Hapgood allowed ten certificates a day. Accordingly for the next three months he worked industriously at nailing shoes on the unwilling foot of the struggling ox. He drew his ten certificates each night while everybody else drew but one. He spent but little money and lived quietly. The belief that he was the proper man for chairman of the Board of Managers grew, two men that Hapgood occasionally gave a lesson in ox-shoeing being particularly outspoken in his favor.

About the middle of February the snow became so deep that it was impossible to get to Yankton or anywhere else. Blizzard followed blizzard, and the Progress Co-operative Brotherhood was cut off from the rest of the world. Even the mail bearing *The March of Progress* ceased to come. Early one morning, just as another blizzard was beginning to become excited, Hapgood appeared at the Brotherhood store and said to the man in charge:

"Prices the same, I s'pose, whether a feller buys much or little?"

"Yes, sir," replied the man.

"That's right—equalerty of man, everlastin' justice, and progress humpin' herself! Figure up what yer whole stock is worth—I want to buy it."

The man was somewhat astonished, but complied. Hapgood sat on a box by the stove and whistled "Old Hundred," and occasionally stopped to dump a half-scoop of brown sugar into his mouth. In an hour the man told him that the entire stock footed up exactly $1000.

"Here's yer money," said Hapgood, pushing a stack of certificates over the counter. "I sha'n't need you. I think I can run this yer business myself," and he pulled out his piece of chalk and began to figure on his boot-leg. The man took the certificates and started out. He paused at the door, came back, and said:

"Come to think of it, I reckon we need a bag of flour at our house. 'I'll be your first customer," and he handed out two certificates.

"You'll hev to act dif'rent frum that if you be," returned Hapgood, as he continued to make mysterious marks on the leg of his boot.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that owin' to the skercity of flour that the price of the same has riz. Best quality of flour is now six dollars a bag, cash money, as owin' to the stringency of the times and the financial distrust certifkits will no longer be received."

The man was dumfounded, but as he had to have the flour, he took it on Hapgood's terms, and went out into the storm with the bag on his shoulder.

The guileless believer in equality, who had wished to get away from a world of injustice, now went out and got the two men to whom he had given lessons in ox-shoeing and installed them as clerks. He next got out the half-dozen repeating-rifles which were in stock, polished them up, loaded them, and placed them on the shelves behind the counters in conspicuous and accessible positions. Then he wandered about the store with a blue pencil resolutely doubling and trebling the price of everything.

Of course the news of Hapgood's actions soon spread, and produced the most intense excitement. The Brotherhood charged the store, but found the new proprietor calm and Napoleonic. He stood behind the notion counter with his hand resting carelessly near one of the rifles, and to the storm of questions, arguments, and abuse simply answered that "business was business," sometimes adding that he wished to denounce as a tissue of falsehoods the malicious report that he had come out to the Territory for his health. His clerks stood farther back, with their hands resting carelessly near rifles, occasionally observing in a low voice that "*there* was a man for the office of chairman of the Board of Managers for you."

At the end of two weeks of blizzard (to cut the story short) Peter Hapgood had sold out the entire stock for something like $10,000, and had every cent of money in the community and most of the portable property. The first warm day in March he and his clerks drove away with the chattels loaded on three wagons, with four yoke of oxen attached to each wagon. The Progress Co-operative Brotherhood broke up, and most of the members went to the Black Hills. A few of them owed on their subscriptions to *The March of Progress*, and the editor denounced them in the columns of his sheet as unworthy the proud dower of freedom. H. C.

THE TRAGEDY OF A SAILOR'S CAP.

A TRUE STORY.

It was a sultry day following a heavy gale that had brought up from the southwest heat, mist, and rain. The subsiding winds had left a long even swell rolling in upon the coast, but the surface of each huge sea was smooth and glassy. The good old frigate *Wabash* rose and fell lazily at her anchor; the sails, loosed to dry, flapped heavily with the swaying of the masts.

Away to the west loomed the low-lying shores of Morris Island, and to the north the sandy beach line was broken here and there by the frowning walls of Sumter and the wide-reaching traverses of forts Wayne and Sullivan, floating the Southern stars and bars. Beyond, the steeples of Charleston rose above the smoke of the city.

On board ship a morning of listless activity had begun, as regular in its beats as the movement of a well-timed clock. The clothes of the morning watch had been stretched to dry, hung on the girt-lines between the fore and main masts, for it was jack-tar's wash-day. Suddenly a gentle air came from the land, the sun burst out, the boatswain's whistle shrilled, and the word was passed from spar to berth-deck:

"All hands furl sail."

Slowly the men swarmed aloft, out upon the yards, and furled away, the fore topmen pitted against the main, trying in quickened emulation to have their duty done the first. As the men laid out at the command, a sailor's cap fell from the foretop-gallant yard, and bounding and tripping against gear and spar, plashed softly into the sea close alongside the rolling frigate. The owner was left bareheaded at the bunt.

Now in a sailor's cap are stored many useful and many precious things. Everything but his money; that is kept, in a rough purse of Jack's own making, lying close on his hairy chest. In the rim of his cap, however, between the pad and the lining, are his pipe, his plug of tobacco, his open-topped thimble, a needle crossed with thread (like a boy's kite twine), and often his love-letter, to be read and re-read on his watch below.

How that sailor's cap came to fall is not in history; but almost as soon as it had struck the water its owner forsook his duty on the yard, and braving the displeasure of his mates and the reprimand that was almost sure to follow, he hurried down the shrouds. With an eager, resolute demeanor he approached the officer of the deck. Pulling his forelock, in place of a salute, he said, respectfully:

"I've lost my cap overboard, sir. It's close alongside. May I fish it up from the companion-ladder?"

The officer, gained over by the man's earnestness, and occupied by the work going on in the sultry air above him, gave a careless assent, as to a trifle. The sails were soon rolled up, the gaskets passed, and the men came down to deck. Just then, as the officer turned to give the order to haul taut the running-gear and square the yards, a commotion on the poop-deck caught his eye—a commotion that denoted some catastrophe.

"Man overboard!" rang out from a group of idlers gathered near the taffrail. There was a hurried going to and fro, and an order shouted, "Let go the life-buoy," by the watch officer, as he fastened to the side.

The port-quarter boat, quickly manned, was lowered away; but the davit falls were tangled, and it lingered helplessly.

On the facing slope of a mighty swell, drifting swiftly with the northerly set of the tide, could be seen poor Jack, motionless, with outstretched arms, head down, and quite exhausted. In rapid succession two figures leaped up in the hammock nettings, and then dived out together from the frigate's tall black sides. Two heads bobbed up in the clear green water, and one of the rescuers was seen to be an officer—a lieutenant—and the other a simple sailor, who knew no better thing to do than to save a shipmate's life. They struck out bravely for the drowning man, whose white shirt gleamed in the sunlight.

But suddenly a shout came from the ship, whose bulwarks were now fringed with a row of anxious faces. A black triangular fin cut with the spur of a race-horse through the water. And here another, there a third, and then a score of them at once. The sharks were gathering like a pack of wolves.

The quarter boat, cleared at last, pulled from the shadow of the vessel, and the two rescuers, now clinging to the life-buoy, urged the coxswain not to stop for them, but to make for the drifting sailor. His figure seemed to be moving slightly. Then the white shirt was tossed about convulsively, there was an angry swirl, and it disappeared, leaving only a ripple on the oily water to mark the place. The crew stopped their rowing, and checked the boat's speed with their oars—too late. Some of the men gazed over the side down into the green depths.

Have you ever seen a shoal of trout around a sinking worm?

That's what they saw.

The bowman, as they turned, picked up the fatal cause of the catastrophe, the cap, and flung it with a curse upon the forward gratings. Then the men, with white strained faces, pulled for the two would-be rescuers, who clung, pale and anxious, to the life-buoy, and none too soon, for the horrid fins were darting about in all directions, and deep in the lucid water dark shapes were hurtling to and fro.

The quarter boat rose to her davits again amidst the silence of seven hundred men mustered on the deck. "John Mowbray, seaman, 'DD'—dead, discharged," was entered on the purser's book. As if nothing had occurred the men were piped to supper. The relic of the tragedy, the cap, remained wet and sodden on the capstan, tossed there by one of the boat's crew as he passed.

The officer of the watch passing the starboard side of the quarter-deck, deep in thought, suddenly noticed a sailor standing at the mast awaiting recognition.

"What is it?" said the officer, stopping short; the man saluted.

"I begs pardon, sir," he said. "But that cap there is John Mowbray's. I was with him on the foretop-gallant yard when somethin' knocks it off. Says he, 'I'll get it if I has to swim for it, or drown;' then down he goes, leavin' me the heavy bunt to handle, sir, alone."

Back to the capstan went the officer; he lifted up the reeking cap; its story was soon told. Out of the lining came, with the usual sailor's things, a wet blurred letter and a cheap unframed tintype of a pretty woman with pink cheeks, and a gilt chain about her neck.

For this John Mowbray, seaman, leaped to his death.

The young lieutenant who had plunged to his rescue was Stephen B. Luce, now a rear-admiral retired.

JAMES BARNES.

THE NEW WORLD OF THE MICROSCOPE.

BY DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS.

CONSIDERED as an optical instrument, the eye is far from perfect. Unaided, it can give at best only a surface knowledge of the things it views. From an early day attempts have been made to extend its field by the use of magnifying-glasses. Hollow spheres of glass filled with water, globules made by fusing threads of glass, and drops of water placed in small apertures were among the magnifiers used before the art of grinding glass was perfected. Then a convex lens was ground and a simple microscope constructed. We do not know who first made such a glass strong enough to clearly show a field magnified, say, one hundred diameters, but we cannot doubt that the day on which such a glass was first used marked the beginning of a new epoch in human knowledge. That day there was something new under the sun. A new world had been discovered.

Whoever the fortunate discoverer, he and some generations of his successors were prevented from penetrating beyond the borders of this new realm by the optical shortcomings of the lenses at their command. For several centuries the problem of how to overcome the spherical and chromatic aberrations of simple lenses seemed insoluble, and lenses of high power were practically useless. Combining two or more lenses only increased the difficulty, and the compound microscopes so made were regarded as mere toys. Not until the third decade of the present century was the problem solved by combining flint and crown glass to make a single "achromatic" lens for the microscope, as had been done with telescopic lenses seventy years before. This accomplished, the compound microscope was changed from a toy to a most important instrument of precision. Now, for the first time, the extended exploration of the world of littleness became possible. Hitherto explorers had but dimly seen its confines, as Columbus viewed the borderland of his New World, but now numberless investigators prepared to work their way into the interior of this alluring realm.

Some eager workers turned attention at once to the little-known world of the lowest forms of life. Tracing animal and vegetable kingdoms back to their lowest forms, it was found that the two came closer and closer together, till they almost merged in single-celled creatures formed seemingly of the same kind of matter—a transparent viscid liquid, which in some mysterious way contained within itself, or had manifested through it, the awe-inspiring principle of life. This basal matter, discovered by Von Mohl as recently as 1846, was named protoplasm. In its presence the explorers felt strangely near the beginnings of life.

Meanwhile other explorers had turned to the macroscopic world, to investigate with the aid of the microscope the intimate structure of the organs of higher animals and plants. Here again zoologist and botanist found themselves working in kindred fields, for each discovered that all the parts of the organisms he observed were built up of cells, the active principle of which was that same protoplasm that makes up the body of the single-celled animalcule. The cells were enormously modified in form in different tissues, it is true—flattened into disks, lengthened into fibrils, twisted into spirals—indefinitely varied to meet the needs of specialized organisms, but in the end they still remained cells, and the most highly developed animal and plant were seen to be only aggregations of cells and the products of cellular activity. It became evident that organic life not only had its beginning but its culmination in the protoplasmic cell, and animal and vegetable worlds seemed nearer together than ever before. Thus the new science of histology, just born of the microscope, emphasized the lesson of the fundamental unity of living tissues even while it showed an almost infinite diversity of structure.

The lesson was emphasized again when the forms of life intermediate between the extremes in the two kingdoms were studied. The botanist in particular found a rich field among the so-called flowerless plants, the life histories of many of which had not hitherto been intelligible. He found these ferns and mosses and lichens and moulds and other fungi far enough from flowerless in a wider view, and, with all their anomalies of external form, homologous in structure with the organisms above them. From lowest to highest, all the members of a kingdom were found following one typical plan of development—a plan often greatly masked in the higher forms, but more clearly intelligible in the lower members. With the knowledge thus acquired was framed the new science of morphology.

And then came the explorers who had entered the new realm of embryology with reports that shed more light along the same lines. They too had studied a protoplasmic cell, but this time a cell that grew and divided and subdivided and proliferated till there developed from it a many-celled organism. And this developing embryo, in the case of higher animals, had been seen to pass through stages when it seemed strangely similar to the mature forms of lower organisms. Some of these lower forms of life became for the first time intelligible when interpreted in the light of this new knowledge of the embryo; so too did some anomalous organs and tissues of higher forms of life. The inference presented itself, and grew into conviction, that the individual organism in its development follows out in epitome the lines of growth through which its race had been evolved in the long ages of the past. So embryology told in its own way the same story of kinship of all organisms in the world that the other biological sciences had told or suggested. And the microscope, while establishing a new science, and adding enormously to the fund of concrete knowledge, had had an important share also in establishing that broad hypothesis which in all probability will be regarded in times to come as the important philosophical message of our century—the doctrine of evolution.

While the greatest conquests of the microscope were undoubtedly won in the organic world, it soon proved itself a useful accessory also in the physical sciences. It brought the chemist a step nearer his atoms and molecules, it told the physicist of new properties of polarized light, and it aided the petrologist in studying the forces of crystallization that have entered so largely into the building up of the earth's crust. Indeed, there is scarcely a department of science that did not gain accretions of knowledge from this new world of the microscope. Nor was it the "pure" sciences alone that were benefited. The practical value of the new knowledge was proved in fields as widely separated as beer-brewing (fermentation having been proved due to a micro-organism), horticulture (the microscope showing how to protect trees and vines from parasitic foes), silk culture (which the microscope in the hands of Pasteur saved to France only a few years back), and criminal law (which, as every one

(Continued on page 92.)

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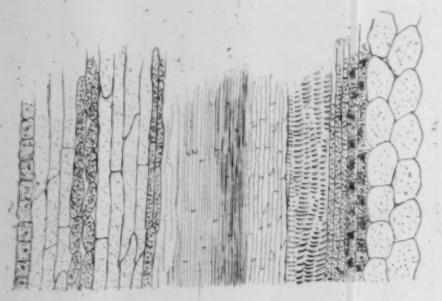
knows, appeals frequently to the microscope to interpret suspected blood-stains, and perform other like services in the interests of society).

But by far the most important practical service which the microscope has rendered our race has been in the field of medicine. Before the advent of the microscope a rational scientific system of pathology was scarcely possible. How could the nature of the degeneration of tissues be understood before the character of the normal tissues had been investigated? What could be known of the real nature of inflammation and suppuration before the characteristics of blood and of capillaries were understood? By what possible means of divination could the wisest practitioner of old compre-



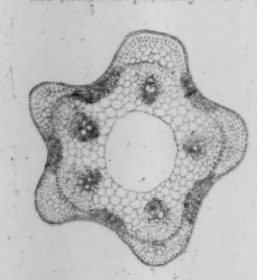
LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF THE STEM OF A PLANT.

hend the nature of the diseases due to microscopic parasites? The accurate diagnosis of diseases of internal organs by the excretions was also beyond his reach in many cases that now present no difficulties. Even the determination of the "benign" or "malignant" character of tumors was largely a matter of intelligent guess-work, until the microscope revealed the characteristics of these various aggregations of misplaced cells. The guess-work of our predecessors was no doubt often aided by senses trained to almost preternatural acuteness; but even so, their minds could at most barely enter, vaguely and falteringly, realms of histology and pathology that the dullest modern eye, aided by the microscope, may search almost—but never quite—to their depths. It would ill become us to belittle the good work of our ancestors, but it is no disparagement to say that the blind cannot see. If we have ceased to talk in the vague strain of our predecessors about "humors" and "biles" and other occult principles supposed to exist in the body, it is largely because artificial eyes have been granted us with which to look into the body and see its tissues as they are—aggregations of cells, modified and adapted to perform special functions, which in their entirety make up the phenomena of life. The principle of life itself which governs these functionings is still perhaps as far as ever beyond our comprehension, but something of the methods of its manifestations through cellular activity in health and disease the microscope has shown us.

In regard to one important class of maladies the microscope has even gone further, and revealed to us the very nature of disease. Few men, even though familiar with the wonders of the new worlds of the microscope, would have dared to hope a half-century ago that this instrument could ever carry us into such a *terra incognita* as that. Yet within the present generation this darkest Africa of the microscopic world has been invaded, and the causes of the contagious diseases stand revealed, not as vapors, gases, or spirits emanating from the earth or descended from the skies, but as living, growing protoplasmic—I had almost said flesh-and-blood—organisms, impalpable, and to the unaided eye as invisible as spirits, but as real and as animate as man himself. These creatures are the smallest and almost the lowest of vegetables. The botanist terms them schizomycetes. In familiar speech they are known as bacteria or microbes.

SECTION OF THE HUMAN BRAIN.

It appears that members of this family—each individual a mere protoplasmic atom—are the most widely distributed and perhaps the most numerous order of creatures on the globe. Except in the arctic regions and on high mountains they are everywhere, lurking in the soil and waters and floating in the air, borne by the winds as widely as the winds blow, and finding lodgement upon whatever surface presents itself. Utterly unknown before the day of the microscope, they were seen but scarcely noticed by the early explorers in the world of the lens; and only within the present generation has it been suspected that these insignificant creatures have had a more important bearing upon the history of our race than any other single order of beings. By no means all of these bacteria are enemies of mankind. If it were otherwise, our race would long since have vanished from the earth. But fortunately for us the great majority of species of bacteria are either harmless or actually beneficial. The commoner kinds are instrumental in decomposing dead animal and vegetable tissues, and so making their elements available as food for higher plants. This is accomplished through the process of putrefaction, of which bacteria are the cause. Most bacteria feeding thus upon dead tissues accomplish a useful purpose, or if within the living body do not injure it. But a few species attack living tissues with great virulence, and cause some of the most fatal diseases, including, in all probability, most or all of the "plagues" that from time immemorial have devastated the race.



CROSS-SECTION OF STEM OF THE PLANT EQUISETUM.

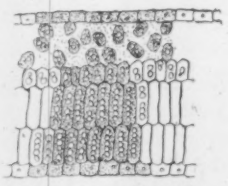
Since Davaine proved, thirty years ago, that the disease anthrax is caused by a bacillus, and Koch convinced the scepties who thought the alleged bacilli only inorganic crystals, and Pasteur showed that inoculations from pure cultures of these bacilli could prevent anthrax as vaccination prevents small-pox, the science of bacteriology, then only in its infancy, has made tremendous strides. No less than twenty-seven diseases of animals have been demonstrated to be of microbic origin, such demonstration consisting in (1) the discovery of the microbe, (2) its isolation from other microbes and development outside the body in pure cultures, (3) the inoculation of a healthy animal from this culture, with the result of producing the disease, and (4) the discovery of the microbes in the blood or tissues of the animal. In the case of diseases affecting the human species, and to which lower animals are not susceptible, it is obvious that such a demonstration as this cannot properly be carried out. Nevertheless, the microbic origin of human diseases, if not absolutely demonstrated, has been established to the satisfaction of the most sceptical as regards thirteen different maladies, while in twenty-six other diseases, according to Sternberg, associated bacteria have been constantly found, without a causal connection being as yet proved.

The prosecution of researches in this particular field of microscopy is attended with peculiar difficulties. Most of the bacteria that cause disease are exceedingly minute, even as size goes in the microscopic world, requiring special methods of preparation and staining with aniline dyes, and the use of high powers of the microscope to make them visible at all. We are told that it would require ten thousand of the smallest micrococci placed in line to reach across the letter "o" as here printed, that twelve millions of them could find comfortable lodgement on a pin-head, and that eight billions congregate in a milligrame of "pure culture." To add to the difficulty, many different species of bacteria are often associated together; and as most of them, even

BACTERIAL LABORATORY OF COLUMBIA COLLEGE.

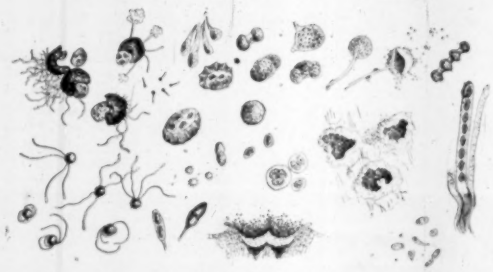
when magnified two or three thousand diameters, seem to be only tiny rods or minute dots, it is not easy to distinguish between them. Yet each species lives its own life, reproduces its own kind, and differs from all the others as surely as an elm differs from an oak. Where the microscope fails to show the differences with certainty, the suspected bacteria must be cultivated in artificial media, it being found that each species when growing in colonies of macroscopic size assumes peculiar and characteristic mass-forms or outlines or colors. Such cultivation, to accomplish any definite results, requires special apparatus, and trained skill, and no end of patience. But the results already attained are nothing less than marvellous, considering the brief period that has elapsed since this new field was entered.

Among the well-known diseases whose bacterial origin is already placed beyond reasonable doubt are erysipelas, tuberculosis, diphtheria, tetanus, typhoid fever, croupous pneumonia, and influenza. The facts discovered regarding some of these during the past fifteen years are among the strangest of the "true fairy tales" of modern science. For example, the micrococcus of croupous pneumonia, as discovered by Dr. Sternberg, lurks in the mouth, and is harmless there, awaiting as it were an opportunity when a condition of lowered vitality of the system, as from exposure to cold, shall enable it to take up its active abode in the lungs, and begin a development whose results will be manifest in an inflammation of those organs. Again, it appears that the bacillus of tetanus, or lockjaw, is abundant everywhere in the soil, and may rest on the surface of the human body or be taken into the stomach without producing injury. Even on the surface of an open wound it cannot develop, it being one of the bacteria that cannot grow in the presence of free oxygen. But if introduced into a deeper wound away from the air it may develop rapidly, and produce the painful and often fatal disease tetanus. Thus is explained the fact, always before a mystery, that even slight and seemingly insignificant puncture wounds are more likely to produce this disease than are open lesions that otherwise are far more serious.



CROSS-SECTION OF AN APPLE LEAF.

It is an interesting and highly suggestive fact, as showing the power of resistance of the human body under normal conditions, that a bacterium capable of producing such a disease as this may be so abundant all about us, and yet so infrequently find opportunity for malignant activity. But the same thing appears to be true in greater or less degree of all the other bacteria that may develop in the human body. Even when introduced into the body they are harmless unless they find the conditions there favorable to their development. Thus there are probably very few persons who have not at one time or another inhaled the bacillus of tuberculosis or its spores, but the lungs of only the relatively few furnish a favorable soil for its development. These susceptible persons develop the disease; the others are said to be immune as regards this particular bacillus. But susceptibility and immunity are relative terms, and a

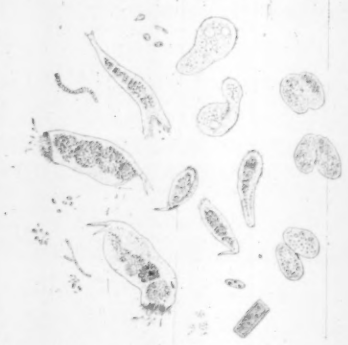


SOME COMMON SPORES AND SPORE-CASES AND POLLEN GRAINS.

person whose tissues at one time resist the microbe may at another time succumb to it. The exact nature of the "inherent vitality" which we are accustomed to speak of as giving the tissues power to resist the micro-organisms we understand as little as our ancestors understood the real cause of the contagious diseases. Perhaps the microscope will help to enlighten us in this regard in the next half-century.

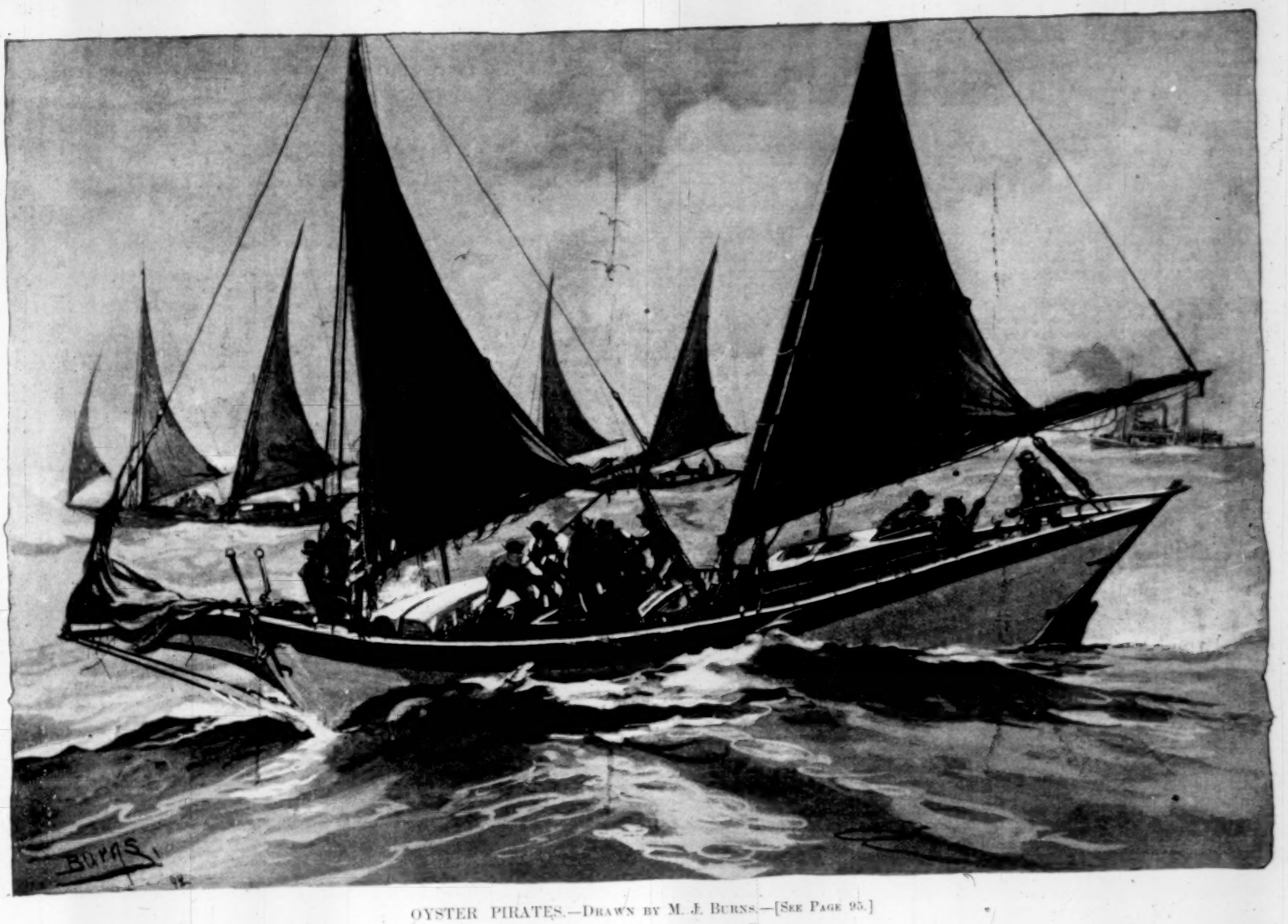
It is almost an axiomatic principle in medicine that to treat a disease to best advantage the cause of the disease should be known. Hence our new and definite knowledge as to the exact cause of the microbic diseases can hardly fail to be of enormous practical importance. As yet the most tangible results have perhaps been attained in the field of surgery. As soon as it became known that suppuration and gangrene, with the attendant septic fevers, were due to the literal sowing of the germs of disease on the abraded surfaces, it was a short step to the disinfection by germicides of the surgeon's hands and instruments and of the wound itself, and to the use of such dressings as would keep out the microbes till the wound had healed. Thus modern "antiseptic" surgery performs those marvels with which every one is more or less familiar, saving lives hourly that before the day of bacteriology must have been sacrificed to disease.

For the therapeutics of the physician bacteriology has not yet accomplished such tangible results, but it holds forth even brighter promise. Here also the watchword is prevention. The harmful bacteria must not be permitted to invade the body. As regards such diseases as cholera, tuberculosis, and typhoid fever the plan of attack is already plainly pointed out. The germs of these diseases must be destroyed as they leave the infected individual. But with the zymotic diseases, whose germs pervade the atmosphere about the patient, such disinfection is not practicable. Here isolation (quarantine) can accomplish much; but the real hope of preventive medicine is of wider scope. Based on the marvellous empirical discovery of Jenner, and the results of Pasteur's labors in preventing anthrax and chicken cholera and hydrophobia by inoculation with "attenuated" virus, and on the suggestive if yet uncompleted researches of Koch regarding the tubercle bacillus, there arises the hope that some day the germ of every virulent contagious disease will have been isolated and attenuated till by inoculation it



SOME COMMON FORMS OF LIFE IN A DROP OF STAGNANT WATER.

can give immunity against the ravages of its unattenuated fellow-microbes. If that day comes—and present events seem plainly to forecast it—a time will as surely follow (though here we are taking great privileges with the remote future) when contagious diseases as at present known will have been banished from the earth forever. Such is the hopeful, the inspiring message which bacteriology—the newest science, yet already within the generation of its birth come to surpass most of its forerunners—brings to us out of the boundless realm of the microscope. What other messages await us there we do not know; but we can scarcely doubt that there are still undiscovered countries in the new world of the microscope as wonderful as any that have yet been brought to light—countries whose gateway as yet is only the imagination. He would be a strangely prosaic microscopist who had not often entered that alluring gateway, but a more than daring one who should attempt to describe the marvels that his fancy pictured there.



OYSTER PIRATES.—Drawn by M. J. Burns.—[See Page 95.]

AMATEUR SPORT

A recent meeting of the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen settled the much-vexing question as to what actually constituted a junior, intermediate, and senior oarsman. The life of this Association is never peaceful; it seems to harbor elements that beset its governing body, as regularly as the meetings come around, with first one and next another batch of amendments, that have to all intents and purposes no other excuse for existence than that of worrying the N.A.A.O. executive. This much, at least, is regularly and effectually accomplished. The officers and delegates are: President, Henry W. Garfield, Albany; Secretary, F. R. Fortmeyer, New York; Treasurer, H. K. Hinchman, Philadelphia; G. D. Phillips, New York; F. Standish, Detroit; W. Stimson, Boston; T. Van Raden, New York; R. Pelton, Long Island; C. Catlin and Oscar Smith, Chicago; J. R. Doyle, Boston; H. Behrens, Philadelphia.

This year the particular form assumed by this pestering class was an amendment to change the interpretation of the junior, intermediate, etc., oarsmen. It was proposed that a junior should not become an intermediate until he had won a race in that class; an intermediate not to become a senior until he had won in that class. In short, a man was to be permitted to row in the intermediate class all season and yet be a junior according to the very accommodating fillip proposed to give the ruling.

That such a definition would have been unfair goes without the saying, since a junior might row in the two classes above him for a part of the season, improving his form materially by contesting with veterans, and yet remain a junior, eligible at any time to compete against less experienced oarsmen whenever an opportunity presented. A junior in name, but, likely as not, a senior in experience.

At the N.A.A.O. meeting this amendment was voted down, and the definition as it stands now is that an oarsman is a junior until he has won in his own class, or has rowed a race in the intermediate class, when he becomes an intermediate; an intermediate until he has won an intermediate or rowed in a senior race. These are the only proper and just interpretations. Unquestionably when an oarsman rows in a particular class he should be identified with that class until he earns his right to go to the next higher. The different class cockswains are distinguished by the same ruling as the oarsmen.

The Association is to be commended for standing firm, furthermore, in its refusal to reinstate several oarsmen who had transgressed the amateur rules, and until now escaped the prescribed penalty. The elasticity of the Association's laws on this point, and the mutability of its investigating committees, have in the past gained it an unenviable notoriety. Scarcely a regatta in any one of the last three seasons that has not furnished its quota of scandals, and yet the results of investigating committees have been almost as unsatisfactory to sportsmen as those of the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen. Not quite, however, for the few earnest workers on the National Association board have been more thorough in their work than the corresponding one or two on the Racing Board, and some very malignant and difficult cases have been handled very adroitly and successfully by the Association. We should advise the Racing Board to take a few lessons from the Association's executive board's work in 1893.

A collection of bicycle records is no easy matter, since it seems rather difficult to learn which have been accepted, and there are such a multiplicity of them at every distance. The following table gives the fastest time made under conditions considered trustworthy, but one cannot vouch for the authenticity of even every one of these.

BEST TIMES MADE ON SAFETY BICYCLE.

Distance.	Start.	Time. h. m. s.	Date.	Place.	Conditions.	Performer.	Remarks.
One-quarter mile	Flying	24	October 29, '93	Hartford	Against time	A. A. Zimmerman	World's record
"	"	25⅘	September 4, '93	In competition	In competition	H. C. Tyler	"
"	"	24⅘	November 1, '93	Independence	Against time	J. S. Johnson	Not official
"	"	26	" 30, '93	Hartford	"	A. A. Zimmerman	L.A.W. record
"	Standing	26	" 30, '93	"	"	"	"
"	"	50	July 4, '93	Paterson	In competition	"	World's record
"	"	28	November 1, '93	Independence	Against time	J. S. Johnson	Not official
One-half mile	Flying	54	" 15, '93	Nashville	"	M. F. Dirnberger	"
"	"	56⅘	October 11, '93	Springfield	"	W. W. Windle	L.A.W. record
"	"	55	" 30, '93	Independence	"	J. S. Johnson	"
"	Standing	56⅘	November 18, '93	Nashville	"	J. P. Bliss	Not official
"	"	59⅘	October 31, '93	Independence	"	J. S. Johnson	L.A.W. record
"	"	1.00⅘	September 14, '93	Springfield	In competition	H. C. Tyler	World's record
One mile	Flying	1.55⅘	November 8, '93	Independence	Against time	J. S. Johnson	Not official
"	"	1.56⅘	October 2, '93	Springfield	"	W. W. Windle	L.A.W. record
"	Standing	2.00⅘	" 9, '93	"	"	H. C. Tyler	"
"	"	2.08⅘	September 12, '93	"	In competition	W. C. Sanger	World's record
"	"	1.58⅘	November 9, '93	Independence	Against time	J. S. Johnson	Not official
Two miles	"	4.28⅘	September 30, '92	"	"	W. W. Windle	"
"	"	4.31⅘	" 14, '93	Springfield	In competition	W. C. Sanger	World's record
Three miles	Flying	6.43	October 17, '93	"	Against time	W. W. Windle	L.A.W. record
"	Standing	6.45⅕	September 11, '93	"	"	I. S. Meintjes	Not official
"	"	7.15¼	August 18, '93	"	In competition	J. S. Johnson	"
Four miles	"	8.57⅗	September 11, '93	"	Against time	I. S. Meintjes	"
"	"	10.12¼	July 11, '93	"	In competition	C. T. Knisley	"
Five miles	"	11.06⅕	September 11, '93	"	Against time	I. S. Meintjes	"
"	"	12.36⅗	October 6, '92	"	In competition	A. E. Lumsden	"
Ten miles	"	25.52	August 12, '93	Chicago	"	J. W. Linneman	World's record
Twenty-five miles	"	1.04.39⅗	" "	"	"	I. S. Meintjes	"
Fifty miles	"	2.11.06⅘	" "	"	"	"	"
Sixty miles	"	2.39.47	" "	"	"	"	"

Not that the N.A.A.O. is a paragon of purity so far as its oarsmen are concerned, but it has shown its good intentions, and at last seems to have set its face resolutely against all transgressors where reasonably certain of its facts. The Association has no easy task in keeping its ranks clean; the offenders are more difficult to run down than is the case in racing bicycling. A majority of the clubs comprising the N.A.A.O. draw their membership from that class which has no inherent principles on the amateur question, and it has been only by a slow and painstaking process that a percentage of these have been educated to a clear understanding of the difference between amateur and professional sport. That it has succeeded in a degree must redound to the credit of the executive body. But we are by no means satisfied with the present condition of amateur rowing under the National Association. We are ready and glad to give credit for what has been done, but we must see as much accomplished this coming season of '94 as we saw in '91, '92, and '93 combined. There must be a stricter surveillance of the entries to the various regattas, and clubs enjoined from becoming a party to fraud touching ineligible entries on penalty of expulsion from the Association.

It is undeniably true that amateur rowing outside of the colleges has retrograded in the last half-dozen years in quality of participants. In consequence the athletic public has to a large extent lost both its confidence and interest.

Last year showed a marked improvement in every respect, and the success of the national regatta at Detroit should convince the Association of the wisdom of a clean policy. We must have honesty in our amateur sport if it is to thrive. Aside from all sentiment it is the best policy. The decadence of all professional sport in the United States, from baseball to pugilism, tells a story that it will be wise for halting Associations to study carefully. No organization can successfully carry water on both shoulders. We call on the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen to do its duty thoroughly and fearlessly this coming season, and give us once again the good, honest, amateur boat-racing that has existed around New York, and that does exist fitfully about Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and Detroit. There is plenty of the amateur spirit remaining at these boating centres, and also at Minneapolis, St. Paul, and New Orleans. Let us have a united and harmonious whole, working for the best and permanent good of amateur boat-racing.

Athletic legislators need only study the picturesque, if erratic, history of competitive amateur boxing, as we have known it under Amateur Athletic Union auspices, to become convinced that *honesty in amateur sport is the best and the winning policy*. Four or five years ago the "amachoor" slugger posed first as an amateur boxer. He had been induced to leave his haunts on the east and west sides of New York by the New York and the Manhattan Athletic clubs, which played the rôle of tempter by secretly giving money to such of these as seemed likely to furnish an evening of lively and bloody entertainment to the club members.

"RIDERS OF MANY LANDS."—By Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge.—Illustrated from Drawings by Remington, and from Photographs. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.—Published by Harper & Brothers.

The liberality of the two clubs made the N.Y.A.C. and M.A.C. famous in the breeding-quarters of the "amachoors," and the class grew amazingly. Every one knows the history—the clubs passed its sluggers off on the A.A.U. as amateurs; the A.A.U., like the Racing Board of the L.A.W., dared not or could not enforce its rules, and submissively permitted the farce until it became open scandal.

THEN THE A.A.U. ABDICATED IN FAVOR of W. B. Curtis, the only one of its Board of Managers who seemed to have the requisite nerve, and he at last rid boxing of the "amachoor" by suspending all suspicious cases and putting the burden of proof on their shoulders. That was the end of the "amachoor"; he then came out in his true colors.

The athletic clubs held professional boxing entertainments that at first were well attended by the members; but this winter, at least here in New York, the interest has decreased astonishingly, entertainments are few where they were formerly frequent, and the "amachoor" has once again returned to his former haunts.

Boxing, so far as its public competitive side is concerned, received a shock from which it has never recovered. The New York and Manhattan Athletic Clubs and the Amateur Athletic Union disgraced themselves in the eyes of sportsmen, and the "amachoor" was invested with a fictitious value which followed him into the professional ranks, and has served to undermine the popularity of pugilism.

The cleaner the sport, the stronger its hold on the spectators, the better it wears. I ask to be shown a sport that has thrived on dishonesty. It may have a little spurt, like racing bicycling at the moment, but its downfall is inevitable.

Racing bicycling needs a W. B. Curtis. If the Racing Board of the League of American Wheelmen permits the present dishonesty to continue, I predict as complete a collapse for racing bicycling and the "makers' amateur" as overwhelmed the "amachoor" boxer and his protectors a couple of years ago.

SOME OF OUR ENGLISH READERS have taken us to task once or twice because we have claimed one of the reasons why we could not get, on a 'varsity race with Oxford or Cambridge to be their disinclination to come over to this country unless we paid their expenses. This has been indignantly denied by our English readers. Therefore it is with some satisfaction I call their attention to an interview with Mr. Vivian Nickalls, who rowed No. 5 in the Oxford boat last year, which appeared in the New York *Sun* of a recent date. Mr. Nickalls says:

"Oxford will come here and meet the winner of the Harvard-Yale race. We feel confident of beating either crew, and only have a few conditions to make. One is that our expenses shall be paid, and another that we may have four or five weeks' training on the Thames at New London. That we consider the finest course in America, and will not consent to any other."

The English and American idea of what constitutes an amateur college oarsman appear to differ. When we send a crew over to England, we will not ask the Englishmen to pay our expenses, nor will we pay the Englishmen's expenses to come over here. There is no denying the fact that we should like exceptionally well to have a race with an Oxford or Cambridge eight, but we are not suffering for it, certainly not enough to pay their expenses.

THERE SEEMS A LIKELIHOOD of our having a meeting this winter between the three greatest speed skaters now living, namely, J. S. Johnson, Joseph Donoghue, and A. Norseng, of Norway. A match at one, three, and five miles, to be skated in New York, is about to be arranged between Donoghue and Norseng, and later, in February, the Norwegian is matched to skate Johnson at Minneapolis. There is even a probability that this last race will be skated in New York also. Norseng has never met either of these men. Johnson, it will be remembered, beat Donoghue last year at five miles with much ease, in time three minutes slower than his (Johnson's) record. The writer did not see this contest, but competent judges declare Donoghue is no match for Johnson at any distance over one mile. It is undoubtedly a fact that Donoghue seemed utterly unable to cope with Johnson, and was literally raced off his feet. It may have been that he was taken by surprise, and it may be, too, that he has not the disposition to make a hard race. It should be remembered that heretofore, with the exception of one or two European races, he always had a comparatively easy time winning. Donoghue is certainly one of the greatest of living speed skaters, and the brilliant records that stand to his credit seem to indicate that he should be able to give a better account of himself against Johnson than he did last winter. It is to be regretted that both of these Americans, Johnson and Donoghue, stand ready to become professionals at the moment a tempting purse is offered.

THE QUESTION RAISED IN GREAT BRITAIN as to the validity of T. P. Conneff's mile record of 4 m. 17⅘ s. (not 4 m. 07⅘ s., as printed by mistake in a recent issue of this paper) is utterly without point. It is quite natural that the British athletes should jealously guard against the reduction of the mile record, which stood to the credit of an Englishman, W. G. George; but there can be no question whatsoever of Conneff's claim to a new record. He ran his mile in competition on August 26, '93, on one of the oldest and most carefully supervised tracks in the United States in 4 m. 17⅘ s. Although the old record for the mile had stood for so long that it seemed likely to last for many years to come, the performance of Conneff was not much of a surprise, for he had been showing record form from the very beginning of the season. Those who followed his career throughout '93 expected some such performance before the season closed. On June 4, '93, he won a mile, scratch, in 4 m. 26 4-5 s., doing his first half-mile in 2 m. 4 s., when he caught his field and eased up. On July 4th he defeated George W. Orton in a two-mile race at Lake Walden (Massachusetts) in 10 m., running the first mile in 4 m. 32 s., on a very bad 220 cinder track. On October 7th he won the one-mile Metropolitan Championship (in a walk) in 4 m. 25 s. No athlete ever made a record under fairer circumstances than Conneff made his, and he is justly entitled to and will receive it.

THE REJECTION OF CARY SPENCE'S ENTRY at the last Southern Athletic Championships, and the subsequent withdrawal of its support by his club—the Chattanooga (Tennessee) Athletic Association—takes on quite a different light in a full understanding of the conditions. After a careful study of the details of the case, we must relieve the Chattanooga A.A. of all charges of unfair play, and declare the Southern A.A. Union to have been, under the circumstances, unduly exacting. Briefly, the facts are that Mr. Spence has lived at Knoxville (100 miles from Chattanooga) all his life; he joined the Columbia A. C. (at Washington, D.C.), as being the nearest that could give him entry in the national games, and when the Chattanooga club became a member of the A.A.U., he joined the club of his own State. It is a fact that Mr. Spence had represented the Columbia A.C. at Chicago, and, according to the strict letter of the Amateur Athletic Union law, was not entitled to represent the Chattanooga A.C. in the championships at New Orleans; but the fact that it was the first Southern championship, that Spence was a Southerner by every tie, that the meeting was the beginning of a series to encourage the development of athletics in the South, that the Southern Union was not at the time a member of the A.A.U. and had not adopted its rules, that Mr. Spence's entry was known at New Orleans six weeks before the meeting only to be rejected six days before it—all goes to show that the Chattanooga A.A. was guiltless of the "sharp" practice charged, and that the S.A.A.U. could have been a bit more lenient at its first meeting, with no harm to itself or Southern athletics.

IN THE EXTREME SOUTH, AT NEW ORLEANS, the Southern Athletic Club eleven ends its season with a clean record of victories. Their final game against the Pensacola team, which they won with a score of 32–0, attracted the greatest number of spectators that has ever seen New Orleans at a football game.

The New Orleans team showed much superior knowledge of the game in every particular, which was to be expected from the coaching of such a skilled veteran as its captain, T. L. Bayne.

The Pensacola team developed an astonishingly good game, considering that they are the veriest beginners.

ACROSS IN TEXAS GALVESTON HAS HAD a veritable football boom. At a recent game between the Rugby and the Y.M.C.A. elevens there were 2500 spectators. Such a crowd has never been heard of before in Galveston at any game. Both teams, too, showed excellent play, the Rugby under the captaincy of Mr. C. M. McLemore, Jun. (Trinity, '89), and the Y.M.C.A. under Mr. Smith, Stagg's old Springfield quarter-back. Mr.

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Smith used many of the tricks of his preceptor, but the Rugbys had been too thoroughly drilled by Mr. McLemore in the rudiments of good football, and were able to make it a tie game.

This winds up the 1893 football season of the entire country. We have taken pains to gather brief details from every available section, to show how great has been the growth of football in '93. With revised rules in '94, we look for a yet more satisfactory development.

THIS DEPARTMENT HAS RECEIVED so many inquiries from the West and South for enlightenment on the new athletic rules that have just gone in force at Harvard that we publish them in full, and commend their adoption to colleges throughout the country. They are strict without being narrow, as regards the university idea, and appear altogether to be most comprehensively and intelligently framed.

RULE I.—AMATEURS.

No one shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public contest, either individually or as a member of any team, who, either before or after entering the university, shall have engaged for money in any athletic competition, whether for a stake or money prize, or a share of the entrance fees or admission money; or who shall have taught or engaged in any athletic exercise or sport as a means of livelihood; or who shall at any time have received for taking part in any athletic sport or contest any pecuniary emolument or gain whatever, with the single exception that he may have received from the college organization, or from any permanent amateur association of which he was at the time a member, the amount by which the expenses necessarily incurred by him in representing his organization in athletic contests exceeded his ordinary expenses.

RULE II.—BONA FIDE STUDENTS.

No one shall be allowed to represent Harvard University in any public contest, either individually or as a member of any team, unless he is, or intends to be throughout a college year, a bona fide member of the university, taking a full year's work.

A student who is dropped for neglect of his studies into a lower class shall be debarred from taking part in any intercollegiate contests until the end of the next academic year, or until he is permitted by the faculty to rejoin his class.

No one hereafter entering the university who is not a regular student in the college or scientific school, and no regular student in either of these departments who has ever played in any intercollegiate contest upon a class or university team of any other college, shall play upon a Harvard team until he has resided one academic year at the university, and passed the annual examinations upon a full year's work.

RULE III.—TIME LIMIT.

No student, whenever he has represented one or more colleges, shall take part in the intercollegiate contests for more than four years; and this period shall begin with the year in which, as a player upon a university team, he first represented any college. In reckoning the four years, the year of probation mentioned in Rule II. shall be excluded, and also any year lost to a student by illness.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE OYSTER PIRATE.

THERE is little that is picturesque in the average oyster pirate. He is not a bold buccaneer with a black flag, or a brigand of the seas with a red sash and a savage mien. Rather is he an every-day sort of person, occasionally a member of a country church, who is fanatical in his belief that the oyster, as a product of nature, is not amenable to such laws as apply to other kinds of food or property. He is found in some form or other wherever oysters grow. In France regular guards are maintained against him over the oyster grounds. In Long Island Sound the predatory visitors of the night sometimes come in conflict with the rightful owners of oyster-beds. There was a battle there only last winter. Not long ago a fleet of oystermen from other States invaded the North Carolina preserves, and for a time the coast was as excited as if the civil war were still going on; but the population turned out, a call of the militia was threatened, and to the fleet was given the alternative of destruction or flight. It went away.

The largest oyster grounds in the world are in the Chesapeake Bay, and it is there that the oyster pirate is best known. This magnificent body of water, "the Mediterranean of America," with its thousands of square miles of surface and its hundreds of miles of tributaries, has more than 600,000 acres of oyster bottom, which have for years supported nearly 50,000 people. The supply was so magnificent that exhaustion was thought to be impossible. And so, when the State found it necessary to pass and enforce certain regulations, the bolder of the fishermen looked upon the action as an interference with the laws of Providence which was not to be tolerated. To many of them the taking of oysters where the State said they should be let alone was not a crime, and they were ready to fight for what they believed to be their rights. This resulted in serious differences of opinion, which were emphasized by powder and shot, and embittered by bloodshed.

There are two classes of oystermen in the Chesapeake—the tongers, who catch oysters by hand with long-handled intersecting rakes; and dredgers, who use a large iron scoop operated by machinery. The tonger is a humble landsman with a canoe, and the dredger has a sloop or pungy, manned by a crew of from three to eight men, who generally have an inherited and undisguised contempt for oyster laws. These laws prohibit oyster-catching at night, limit the season to the cold-weather months, and mark off certain territory for the tongers, generally the most prolific in the bay. To enforce them Maryland employs a State Fishery Force, better known as the Oyster Navy, consisting of two steamers and twelve sloops, all manned by uniformed men, and armed with rifles and cannon. This navy has a history. In its early stages Captain Hunter Davidson commanded it. With a single steamer in those days he was so ubiquitous that he kept the violators in a state of supreme fear and constant anxiety. On one occasion a band of them laid out a scheme to capture him and his steamer. When he heard of it he filled all his pipes with hot water, and sent an invitation to the enemy to approach. The invitation was not accepted. At another time a band of them were in ambush. He stood in the bow of his yawl-boat, pistol in hand, and ordered his men to row towards the hiding-place. When he got near enough, he said, calmly, "I will shoot the first man that moves." In a few minutes afterwards he carried them all back as prisoners. After he left Maryland the force deteriorated into a political affair, and became practically useless as a police organization.

In 1884 the situation became serious. Of the hundred men in the navy, not more than a dozen were efficient. The officers of the law were cowed, and the pirates did about as they pleased. Here is an interview that I had at that time with a commander of one of the naval sloops in the lower bay.

"Yes, sir," said the captain, "they sailed over the line and begun to dredge, and I sailed after 'em to scare 'em away, but I hadn't got half-way out when they opened fire; and, what's more, they fired right at the sloop—right at us, sir."

"How near did they hit?"

"Why they come almost in fifty yards of the boat."

"And what did you do, captain?"

"What did I do? Why, I heaved to and went home."

But if the navy was full of inefficiency and cowardice, the tongers were not. In two counties the piratical dredgers preyed on the tonging territory so outrageously that the tongers established batteries on the land and bombarded their enemies. It was a merry war, and several were killed. The pirates ended it by going ashore at night and stealing the cannon.

For twelve years the navy fired only one cannon shot, and that was to bring a fleeing pirate to terms, with the remark on the part of the captured dredger, "Captain, I certainly didn't think you'd 'a' done it, or I wouldn't 'a' tried to run."

A new state of affairs has come about within the past four years. It was mainly due to Captain Thomas Howard, a man of sturdy and courageous qualities, who violated the precedents of years by daring to think that it was his duty to enforce the laws. The pirates looked upon Captain Howard as well meaning, but somewhat unorthodox in his views, and they began to work with renewed vigor. In Dorchester County a lot of them boldly captured a police sloop, drove her crew ashore, threw her arms overboard, and dismantled her. In the upper Chesapeake another band made bold to fire on a passenger steamer on which the United States mail was carried. They afterwards regretted this in the isolation of prison cells. The lesson that the pirates were to teach Captain Howard for his impertinence took place in the Chester River. The Captain called upon a fleet of violators to surrender. It was at night. They refused, and opened fire. Unlike some of his predecessors, Captain Howard did not retreat. He used the cannon with good effect until he could not work it well at close range, and then he put on full steam, ran the nose of his boat into the enemy, and sent several of them to the bottom. The next day the Chestertown jail was filled with dredgers, who have since confessed a profound respect for the young man who had ideas of duty.

Since that time the navy has been in better repute, but there have been a few fights, and last winter a dredger was killed by a shot from the Anne Arundel police sloop. It is safe to say, however, that the pirates will never again make an armed resistance to the navy, such as that which established Captain Howard's reputation in the Chesapeake.

Virginia has had several experiences. Her navy consists mainly of one steamer, a very slow one, and her engagements have not been especially brilliant. Two years ago she sent a sloop to the bottom in the Potomac, and last winter she had a battle royal, and wasted a great deal of powder and shell with satisfactory results to the majesty of the law. The only man injured was a valiant pirate, who was overtaken by a bullet as he was retreating into the cabin.

As a rule, in these oyster wars, there has been a use of ammunition on both sides entirely out of proportion to the results. They have fired abundantly, but not accurately, and enough lead has been wasted to supply sinkers for all the fishing-lines along the Atlantic coast. In the thirty years of oyster wars only about fifty men have been killed, and the wounded would not reach fifty more.

Politics is the bane of the oyster in the Chesapeake. The bad oystermen as well as the good oystermen have votes, and therefore political protection. Neither Maryland nor Virginia gets enough from its oyster revenue to pay for the maintenance of its oyster navy. There is a story of one of the deputy commanders that illustrates the political phase of this organization. This commander was a good party man, who, failing to get higher office, accepted the captaincy of one of the sloops, because it was an easy berth, and the pay was sure. His duties consisted in sailing over his district and avoiding pirates. For a while all went well, but one fateful day he fell in with a lot of depredators, and before he could get away they were impolite enough to fire at his boat. He was not a man of indecision, and acting quickly, he put on all his canvas, and sailed shoreward with all possible speed. When he reached the harbor he went promptly to the telegraph office, and sent his resignation to Annapolis. A week later Commander Seth met him, and asked him why he had resigned.

"General Seth," he replied, "during the war I paid three hundred dollars for a substitute, and at my time of life I have too much self-respect to allow myself to be shot by an oyster pirate."

The navy is better now since General Seth has reorganized it, and the oyster pirates do their stealing more modestly. There is less of it to do, because the oyster supply is growing less, and the greatest oyster-beds in the world will be exhausted by the end of this century unless the universal depletion is checked by the policy of oyster-culture, which is being tried nearly everywhere except in the Chesapeake.

L. R. M.

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